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Think of . . your nursery days . . .

PHAT PHEET

THERE are tender memories of the long-ago nursery days tucked away in many an unexpected corner. Even now we relate with relish the story of the rocking-horse whose flowing tail was surreptitiously removed to admit of a meal of sawdust, the cannon that did roar amazingly, and the dolls on which we lavished the most delightful solicitude and affection.

For we played then as intensely as we work now; priceless treasures indeed are the memories of our childhood days in the nursery.

NURSERY games emphasise the need for special foot-coverings. No use here for fine shoes, yet, if too heavy, the little ones soon grow foot-weary. Noise, too, must be considered. No. 732 is the perfect Phat-Pheet Nursery Shoe. It has all the strength of a walking shoe—without the weight. It is noiseless and durable, and has undyed linings and flexible soles. Like every other Phat-Pheet model, it is shaped in Nature's mould. No pinch or cramp, and ample provision for growing feet to develop. In Brown Morocco only.

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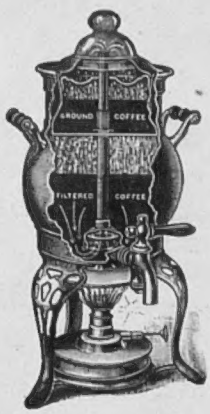

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Made in Nickel or Copper finish.
Makes a distinctive and useful gift acceptable in every home.
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Fitted with patented non-rusting Shock Absorber which practically eliminates breakage.
Safe, Sanitary, Durable.
Retains heat for 24 hours.
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The WATFORD MFG. CO., Ltd., *proprietors of* BOISSELIERS (Boy-sel-e-a) CHOCOLATES, VI-COCOA, and FREEMANS TABLE DAINTIES, Victoria Works, WATFORD, England. 489

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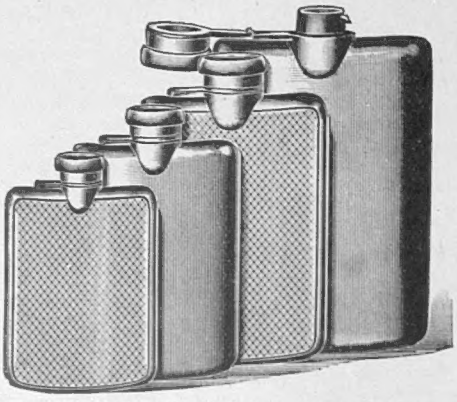

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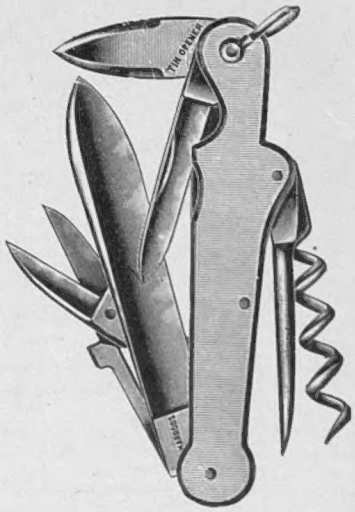
4 ×3⅛	4½ oz.	**50/-**	**36/6**
4⅛×3⅝	6 oz.	**61/6**	**47/6**



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"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY has purchased the original.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA has bought a replica and has been graciously pleased to write as follows:— "It is a lovely picture which must appeal to the feelings of the whole Nation."

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A Battleship-Teakwood Tea Wagon

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Sable-coloured dyed Fitch Collar; skins worked in stripes representing skins with mounted heads. Lined Satin, **£9 : 10**

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The following are further examples of the exceptional value offered:—

Natural Musquash Coats from	£17	Black Fox Stole and Muff from	£10
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CHILDREN love the unusual even more than grown-ups do. At Marshall's there is a new section devoted to playthings for the little ones, and it may be said with confidence that nowhere else can such unusual toys be seen. All British too—a point worthy of your consideration now.

'STARLAND' is at—

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THE BEST GIFT FOR A SOLDIER.

Flat Case for 30 Cigarettes

THE "CROSS" SERVICE CASE is a neat, strong, thin magazine to hold a full day's average supply of cigarettes. It is entirely new and no other suits the soldier's needs so well. Hitherto soldiers have found a difficulty in carrying enough cigarettes for the day in good condition.

ESTABLISHED 1845 CROSS TRADE MARK LONDON

Over 1,000 English Workers.

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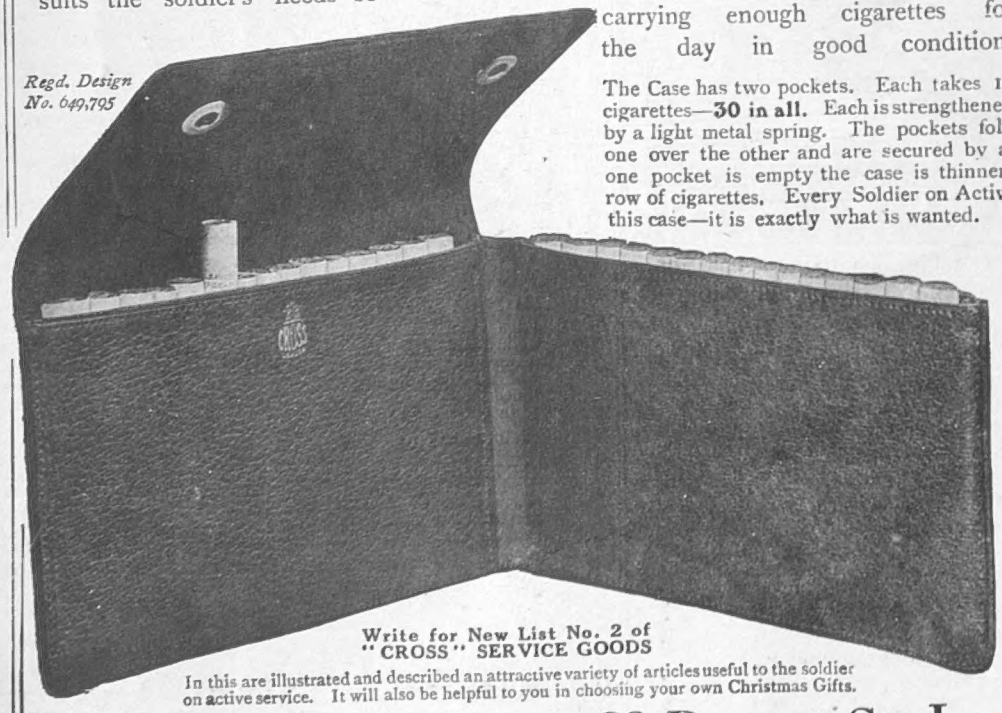

The Case has two pockets. Each takes 15 cigarettes—**30 in all.** Each is strengthened by a light metal spring. The pockets fold one over the other and are secured by a covering flap. When one pocket is empty the case is thinner by the diameter of a row of cigarettes. Every Soldier on Active Service should have this case—it is exactly what is wanted.

OFFICERS' CASE, special superior quality in fine pigskin, lined calf skin, very light and compact. Size, 5¾ ins. × 3¾ ins.

15/-

CASE FOR GENERAL SERVICE. In Brown damp-resisting canvas, edges bound strongly and sewn. Very light. Size over all, 5¾ × 4¼ ins. To take cigarettes 3 ins. long.

5/-

Write for New List No. 2 of "CROSS" SERVICE GOODS

In this are illustrated and described an attractive variety of articles useful to the soldier on active service. It will also be helpful to you in choosing your own Christmas Gifts.

MARK CROSS Ltd. 89 Regent St. London, W.C

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WOTAN

Drawnwire Electric Lamps

You will appreciate their Beautiful Light, their Long Service, & the exceptionally Low Bill they produce.

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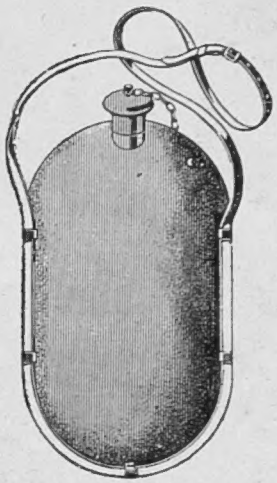
Supplied by all Electricians, Ironmongers, Stores, &c., throughout the Country.

'Studington' Ideal Water Bottle.



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Price Complete:

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With Sling or Swivels.

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NIGHTGOWN, as sketch, in rich quality crêpe de Chine, entirely hand-made, with hand stitching and smocking, finished ribbon bow, and with bag complete. In new shades of lavender, maize, fox glove, pink, hyacinth blue, white, sky and black.

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TRENCH COAT

LINED WOOL, DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR, OR LEATHER.

ABSOLUTELY PROOF AGAINST RAIN AND COLD WINDS.

Somewhere in Flanders

September 15, 1915.

"The weather out here has been pretty good since I came out, with the exception of last week, when it rained very heavily for three days, and I can tell you it made no mistake about it. The trenches were very soon over the boot top in mud and water. However, with the aid of a pair of good rubber-top boots and my 'Aquascutum,' I was able to keep perfectly dry. I cannot speak too highly of my 'Aquascutum,' as it has had many very severe tests and has always proved to be *absolutely* waterproof."

—Extract from Officer's Letter.

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Waterproofers by Appointment to His Majesty the King.

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British Bull :—

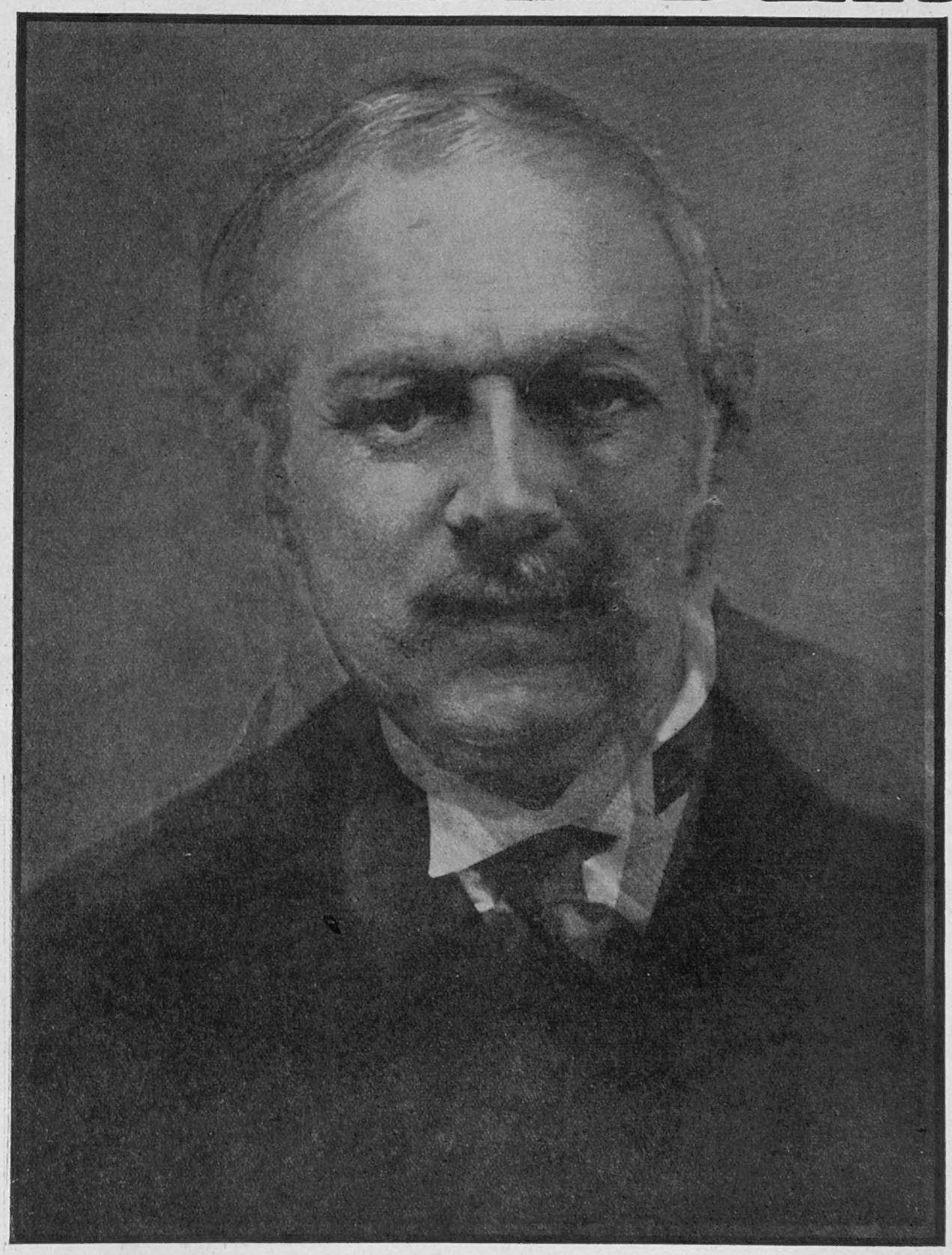
"*My* place is at the front—

"I hear they
"want more
"BOVRIL"

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

The Bystander, November 17, 1915.—No. 624. Vol. XLVIII

The BYSTANDER



FIVE IN ONE: A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF THE WAR COUNCIL

Now that the number of Cabinet Ministers directly responsible for the conduct of the war has definitely been reduced from twenty-two to five it has occurred to "The Bystander" to take a step further in the right direction, and, with the aid of the camera, boil the five down to one. Here is the result. The members of the Council, whose portraits have been superimposed one on the other, are Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. McKenna

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP."
Evenings, at 8.35. Matinée, Saturday, at 2.15.
GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE,
Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane. At 8, Varieties and "Pastorale."

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
ADELINE GENÉE in "A Dream of Butterflies and Roses,"
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George Mozart, Vernon Watson, Malcolm Scott, Clarice Mayne and "That," Billy Merson, Maidie Scott, Nora Delanay, Coram, The Trocaderians, The Four Swifts, etc.

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Every Evening, at 8. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.
GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLLIS DARE, W. H. BERRY.
The very best 3 hours in London.
Box Office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2645 and 8886 Gerrard.

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EVERY EVENING at 8.
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A New Comedy by ARTHUR PINERO.
MATINEES, DAILY 2.30. EVENINGS, SATURDAYS ONLY, at 8.15.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. IRENE VANBRUGH.
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Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
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Christmas Cheer for the Soldier

Send out

The Christmas Number of "THE GRAPHIC."

It is full of Colour and Good Stories and Lively Verse and Amusing Pictures.

Two Plates are given :—

"THE SOLDIER AT SACRAMENT."

A Photogravure. From the Royal Academy Picture by W. H. Y. Titcomb.

"BETRAYED BY THE MOON."

A Fine Naval Picture in Colour by C. Napier Hemy, R.A.

1/- "THE GRAPHIC" CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1/-

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Masterly Manœuvring

WITH regret, but quite without prejudice, we feel bound to touch our cap to Mr. Asquith. This gentleman has, in the course of his career, got out of a few muddles. But who would have foreseen that he would have got himself and the Coalition safely out of such an accumulation of muddles as presented themselves all at once a few weeks ago? If only he extricates his country as successfully as he seems to extricate himself and friends, he will deserve to end his days in one prolonged, honoured, and heavily-endowed week-end.

* * *

Post Tenebras—

A few weeks ago things certainly looked beyond redemption. The expected triumphant issue to the war looked, so far as the land campaign goes, farther off than ever. Not at all what was expected had resulted from the "Big Push" in France, while the Near East looked like furnishing an uncomfortable funeral for the hopes of the Entente. The Cabinet seemed to be split into fragments over Conscription, the Pessimists were triumphant. Before the country, there loomed the prospect of domestic chaos on top of diplomatic and military defeat.

* * *

—Lucem

It is too soon to say that all is changed; but certainly what has happened puts a new and brighter look upon things. Nothing, it is true, redeems the Dardanelles prospect; but the chance looks hopeful of at least writing it off as a definite loss. There are, evidently, sufficient British troops in or around or approaching the Balkans theatre to be able to establish something, at least, and simultaneously with the departure of Kitchener for—somewhere—we seem at home to have reached a solution of the war-control problem, and also that of recruiting.

* * *

We Know Where We Are

The country now knows exactly to whom it has to look for the direction of future events, and the Five consist of men the public knows and trusts. As to Conscription, as a fervent enthusiast for that cause remarked to me, "We've got it—and yet nobody seems to know it."

* * *

Bravo! Lord Derby

Lord Derby's campaign, with compulsion in prospect if it does not succeed, is practically moral Conscription. It rounds up all those, more or less, who would be liable to compulsion abroad: it reserves those who might be wanted: it preserves those who can't be spared: it offers just consideration to reasonable claims.

* * *

"K" in His Element

Why all these things were not thought of and done a twelvemonth ago is one of the mysteries that will furnish "copy" for the journalism of to-morrow. Any blame that may be attached will probably—one hopes on personal grounds—be mitigated by a success in the vicinity of Athens. As a negotiator with recalcitrant or presumptuous or rebellious personages, the world has no rival to Lord Kitchener. The man who made the Khedive apologise, induced Marchand to withdraw, captured De Wet, brought Botha into the Empire, has a way with him that is understood best outside Britain. Here, perhaps, there are too many recalcitrants to be dealt with by persuasion.

DODGING THE CENSOR

Another victory in ——— ("Mumm's" the word)

* * *

Blunders of the Past

As to what will be Kitchener's real rôle in the Near East, one mustn't say, even if one knows or guesses, but I dare to suggest that it will be a bigger one than the Germans will like in the distant future. I wonder how many people know that a year before the war the Turks sent a Mission to London to invite Great Britain to undertake the entire administration of the Turkish Empire? That invitation we were not permitted by our gallant and beloved Russian Allies to accept, as a result of which it was passed on to the Germans. To that, which was a misfortune, we added a series of faults. By some act of inexplicable *gaucherie* at the beginning of the war we grossly offended our friends in Turkey by helping ourselves to the two Turkish cruisers that were being built in England. That act irritated the Turks into falling in with the German war scheme. The second blunder—a criminal one—was attacking the Dardanelles, and thus giving the Germans the final excuse for establishing the Iron Heel in the Bosphorus.

* * *

Can they be Repaired?

The results of these bungles on the part of Downing Street have been disastrous, and they have to be undone. Will Kitchener undo them, and at the same time put right the rest of the horrible blunders in the Balkans? If so, any deficiences in Whitehall will be atoned for tenfold.

(Continued on page 252)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page 251*)

The End in Sight

I don't know whether it's quite safe to say anything about it, but it does look rather as though Mr. Churchill has actually—may one say?—*resigned*. Perhaps to be on the safe side it would be better to say that he has "sent in his resignation to the Prime Minister," and that the P.M. has accepted it. By the time these lines appear, however, a "competent military authority" may have removed me and the essential parts of THE BYSTANDER to a place of detention, and it may appear after all that Mr. Churchill has not resigned, but, while retaining his post as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancs, has gone over to take command of the Allied armies on the western front. In that happy event, we may rest assured that we are within a few miles of a decisive victory such as this war has not yet seen, and that the German armies will be dug out like ———.

***

What People Thought

Curiously enough, no newsboys were lynched on the Saturday morning of the news of this alleged resignation. Most people seemed quite cool about it, and greeted each other with smiles, saying that it was a nice bright morning.

***

Compelled to Compel

It will be exceedingly interesting to see how the Five get out of the threatened trouble with the Labour-Radical-Irish over Compulsion. The P.M. and Lord Derby, between them, have given a solemn pledge to the Married Eligibles that their classes will not be called up until the Unmarried Dittoes have been compelled to serve. By giving that pledge, compulsion is practically carried, without the approval of that superfluous, but still self-important body, the House of Commons. Should anything happen to prevent the putting-in-force of compulsion, even in the case of one solitary *bona-fide* slacker, the married may claim that they have been enrolled under false pretences. The Five will, therefore, be compelled to compel, and to squash any opposition in Parliament or the country. Will they have the courage?

***

Firmness Inevitable

I have carefully studied the countenances of the Five, and my frontispiece this week presents their collective physiognomy as one rather of benevolence. It is a little difficult to conceive really harsh measures coming from them. But to harshness they are pledged, no matter how many members of Parliament protest, or Trades Unions strike.

HOPE FOR THE ALLIES!

Mr. Winston Churchill, having resigned his position as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is reported to be about to join the forces in France. It is permissible to hope that the Allies' doubts in the West will now be magically converted into certainties of imminent victory. Our photograph depicts the ex-Minister in his uniform as an Oxfordshire Hussar

***

Inexplicable

Precisely what was the motive of the sinking of the *Ancona?* With so many transports and warships passing eastwards down the Middle Sea, why sink a passenger ship steaming away from the war-zone, under the flag of a Power that is not taking part in Balkan operations? Is it an attempt to scare the Italians into keeping their own transports at home?

***

Quite Simple

Meanwhile, America is "depressed" by the fear that "grave complications" with Austria may result. But as there is no Austrian Ambassador to give his passports to, and as America is too proud to fight, I don't really see why Cousin Jonathan need be depressed. It seems to be merely a case for another Note, to Vienna direct, *via* Berlin, to which Austria, being unable to reply, will no doubt give a place in the State Museum.

***

In England—Then!

Among the many admirable features of this quarter's *Candid Review* is the following quotation from Sydney Smith, which, with Mr. Gibson Bowles's permission, I take the liberty of quoting here. It is interesting chiefly from its entire remoteness from any sentiments entertained anywhere at the present time in England:

SAVING EUROPE

For God's sake, do not drag me into another war! I am worn down, and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind; I *must* think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews: the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be the champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. —SYDNEY SMITH, 1823.

THE CHRISTMAS "BYSTANDER"
ON SALE NEXT WEEK
A MAMMOTH OF MERRIMENT

Tino's Caller—

—OR KITCHENER'S LITTLE TOUR

GREEK ROYAL FOOTMAN: "A tall, milit'ry gentleman, Your Majesty—very determined-lookin'—with steely-grey eyes, is in the 'All. Says 'e comes from England. I told 'im Your Majesty was very much hoccupied, but nothing won't put 'im off!! Oh! Lor! Your Majesty, 'e's comin' up!!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

LONDON, *November* 15, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

IN England now we're just beginning to be just a little perturbed about what even that irrepressible optimist, the Prime Minister, calls the serious financial situation. Even now, of course, it's quite beyond the conception of the ordinary tax-paying amateur where on earth all the money comes from. By Christmas, we're now whispering, it'll give even experts to think. And I don't suppose people will get so excited about the next War Loan, either, as they were about the last, which keeps so firmly and modestly below par.

"A woman doctor has been suggesting that women should take the place of curates"

* * *

And meanwhile—well, meanwhile England at war really is still a most astonishing spectacle. At a big furniture shop *de luxe* the other day they told me people are buying expensive pieces and things almost as much as ever. While I was there a man spent over a thousand pounds on things you couldn't, by the vastest stretch of imagination, call war-time necessaries, and K. of K. himself, you know, hasn't ceased to buy and get copied that carved oak and china which are his bachelor passion.

* * *

As usual, too, they held the good old Guildhall gorge last week—except that they started in earlier. Between three and four thousand pounds the bill tots up to generally, so I'm told, little items like turtle soup alone running away with £60 or so.

* * *

Then, women are buying clothes and jewels and gauds of all kinds in such heaps that there's some really quite serious talk of trying to bring in some kind of sumptuary laws to keep dressing within some sort of bounds. For, as someone's been saying, it costs almost as much as building a submarine to change the woman of fashion over so utterly as she's changed herself this year of all years.

* * *

Not a single thing's the same as it was this time last winter, you know. Bustles, crinolines, hoops, pointed bodices—instead of neat and Georgian and eminently practical we're early Victorianism and femininity gone mad, and to keep in the picture we shall really, some of us, have to swoon soon.

* * *

Still, lots, of course, are *trying* to economise, anyway. A peeress, I see, writes to the papers to say that when she goes down to one of her several sumptuous country places she never takes a maid now. Think of it! *What* a bore to have to buy one's own BYSTANDER—though, perhaps, the footman does that. And it's the same lady, too, I believe, who says she's now "eating the same food as the servants." Rather wish *I* could practice *that* economy. Ours always feed so much better.

Apropos, great revival of those hair-raising tales of how Germany's feeling the domestic pinch — meat only twice a week and war bread and all that sort of thing. Of course, they may be true, and they probably are — but not quite in the way we imagine. I know their little ways, and I shouldn't be at all surprised myself if it's not all part of the great economic scheme which they started when the war did, but that we're just beginning to talk about. Food's dearer than even world-power to the German heart, and I bet he didn't go to war without fixing up *that* part all right first.

* * *

And, of course, the food problem in Germany is simplified a good deal because the women make such a business of it and aren't bored by it as our women are. Also, she's a rather useful product in the way of health and strength, you know, the German peasant woman. Road-breaking's a regular peace-time accomplishment of hers, not to mention the hardest farm-work, and now she's said to have that most important matter, the country's potato crop, entirely in her hands.

* * *

Over here it rather looks sometimes as if it's rather the wrong kind of woman in a way who's stepping into the breach and taking a man's place, and so on. I'm eugenist enough to feel really quite worried when I see a delicately bred woman winding up the motor and lifting weights and that sort of thing. Wouldn't hurt her, of course, if she were built that way. The trouble is though—she isn't.

* * *

But, of course, there are millions of mens' posts any woman could fill without any undue strain. A woman doctor, I see, has been suggesting they should take the place of curates. Which isn't a bad idea at all, is it? Not sure, you know, they mightn't even do some of their work better, like addressing mothers' meetings, which is such a large, and sometimes such an embarrassing item in the coy curate's curriculum.

Seems, by the way, that some of our ministering angels' hospital ministrations are by way of, perhaps, just a little bit spoiling the convalescent Tommy. No less than eleven bottles of the very best *extra cuvée* Eau de Cologne were found in the cupboard at the bedside of one rather nice-looking young soldier-patient I heard of, and another, when the arrangements for the day's outings were being made, refused point blank to go out with the lady he was apportioned to. "I promised Lady Blank this afternoon," he said firmly, showing quite that taste for discrimination in hostesses which is the mark of the society bachelor.

* * *

Even our lonely soldier patients, though, don't get it quite all their own way, it seems. One man had privately arranged to go out with his wife, his first time out. But the sister firmly vetoed that. "It's your turn to go with Lady So-and-So," she said. "But I don't *want* to." "I can't help that. She's booked you for to-day, and she'll be fearfully cross if you don't go." And he had to.

* * *

There are cases, of course, where pet hospitals and things come in quite useful. One ducal lady, whose numerous estates are particularly well stocked with the patriotically prolific rabbit, unloads them on the patients simply in hundreds. And the polite and "proper-feeling" ones have to be most frightfully grateful whenever she turns up, though by now the very thought of rabbit-pie makes them feel sickish, and even the sight of a bit of brown fur is enough to give the patients a bad relapse.

* * *

Mornings are the busy time in London now, you know. People must really be getting up earlier, I think. Anyway, by eleven or thereabouts Bond Street's bright with buck scarlet-tabbed uniforms and new fur coats. And by five almost everyone's gone home except, of course, the regular workers, who must struggle home at their usual hours, of course, no matter how dark it is.

"'I promised Lady Blank this afternoon,' he said firmly"

One of these, by the way, says won't I try and "crush the greed of those caterers (we all know who they are) who've raised the cup of tea by one halfpenny, and thereby added to their already sumptuous profits something like four shillings on

"The very thought of rabbit-pie makes them feel sickish"

every pound of tea they use—not to mention 100 per cent. or more on every biscuit."

* * *

"Just one cutting remark from you on the subject," she says, "will go miles further than tons of ink spilt on the pages of The Thunderer." Which is very charming of her, but where war profits are concerned I'm afraid even Blanche at her cuttingest couldn't pierce the pachydermatous hides of these profiteers. They're not given to the blush of shame, and only the Government—which won't—could really deal with them.

* * *

And bad as they are, even these teashop tyrannies seem almost harmless compared with the way a certain fashionable seaside town, which I suppose had better be nameless, has been fairly rooking the Colonial soldiers who've had the bad luck to get stationed there. One man was charged half a sovereign for a simple meal of bacon and eggs and tea, and the scandal got so bad at last that the army authorities actually had to put the shops out of bounds.

* * *

I'm afraid, though, it isn't confined to people who sell things, the idea that there's such a lot of money going about they might as well rake in their little bit somewhere somehow, whether it's in war profits or war allowances. "What I say is," as the sergeant's wife remarked, "have a good time while you can. Peace may be upon us at any moment." And you know it is said that hundreds and thousands of pounds in allowances are being drawn in the names of dead men.

* * *

Talking of "rushing," there's another Russian day this week, with the usual Royal matinée, and all that sort of thing, and the usual lady-beggars in the streets, and, no doubt, the usual dreadful weather.

(Continued on page 256)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 255)

Also half a dozen other charity shows. But I'm afraid it's a diminishing public that feels itself able to take a really keen interest in these minor matters—everyone's so tremendously on edge about what's going to happen down East now that Kitchener's got there.

* * *

By the way, war-time's a funny time, isn't it, for *chroniques scandaleuses*? Such a lot of the other kind you'd think there simply wasn't room for *les choses intimes*. But it's been a favourite tea-time occupation of the week, dipping into Mrs. Ffoulkes's memoirs, where there's a sweet picture of that daughter of proud Austria, the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, fetching beer for her *bourgeois* Italian husband while he groused about the dulness of Fiesole and its lack of a single cinema.

* * *

I like, too, the amusing side-glimpse of that extremely world-wise monarch, King Edward. Several people implored him to order the Cardigan memoirs to be withdrawn from circulation because of the awful things the lady hinted in it. But the King knew womankind better. "Leave her alone," he said, "no telling what she'll do if she's interfered with." No telling certainly with the little, aged, pearled and painted and powdered Countess, who, when a bat got into her bedroom one night, swore it was her bitter enemy, Louisa, Duchess of Devonshire, "come back to haunt me."

"Bond Street's bright with buck scarlet-tabbed uniforms, and the new fur-coats"

* * *

Apropos, if you don't see any more *lingerie* advertisements in your favourite weeklies you'll know what it is. It's the Mothers' Union who've protested (I don't know who they are, but I see they've got a countess for a president). They consider the *lingerie* lady a "menace," For men, it seems, comment and jest about her. How dreadful for their morals, the dear guileless things! At least, I s'pose it's for their sakes. Couldn't be for *ours*, could it? Or do the Union Mothers think it's immoral to have them nice, I wonder? The very sensiblest kind *they* all wear, of course.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

GRAVE SITUATION IN LONDON

WELL-KNOWN JOURNAL DEFIES THE POWERS OF PESSIMISM

RUMOURS OF A CHRISTMAS "BYSTANDER"

APPEARANCE TIMED FOR NEXT WEEK

THREATENED FEAST OF MERRIMENT

LONG FACES TO BE ABOLISHED

AND IN WAR-TIME, TOO!

WHAT WILL THE PUBLIC DO?

ANSWER! BUY IT

Next Tuesday. One Shilling. Everywhere.

Amazing English Insolence!

LONDON, DESPITE FREQUENT DESTRUCTIONS, HOLDS A LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

THE LORD MAYOR LEAVES THE REMAINS OF THE LAW COURTS

THE LORD MAYOR'S CARRIAGE AMID THE RUINS OF LUDGATE CIRCUS

Really these English are strafe-proof. Regardless of the fact that they have ceased to exist as a nation, and that their capital has been destroyed several times over by Germany's intrepid Z-ships, they continue not only to pretend that they exist, but even to indulge in their peace-time frolics. Their Lord Mayor had the effrontery to show himself as usual on November 9 before cheerful, indomitable and weather-defiant crowds, and in the evening he held, in the smoking ruins of the Guildhall, his customary banquet!

Things That Don't Matter

BY QUIDNUNC

REALLY everything is upside down just now. The Tories are buying Radical newspapers and the Radicals are devouring Tory papers, and no one quite knows where he is or what he should do with his Party Label. Mr. Asquith, by announcing so emphatically that he proposes to remain Prime Minister, has eased matters for a time—but only for a time. The Tories were backing Mr. Lloyd George and the Radicals who distrust Mr. George were clamouring for Mr. Balfour. This is the simple and wonderful truth. Truly the Limpet Premier has cheated us of much merriment!

* * *

The demand for "The Truth" is becoming a veritable disease with the editors of some of our dailies. But if they got it, dared they print it? And if *they* printed it, would anyone believe it? "The Truth," to most of them, would be an impossibly daring innovation in "the make-up."

* * *

And there is the Censor to be considered. Were he to let the whole Truth through he would be a man without secrets and an official without abuse. As things are, he turns cheerily to Fleet Street, and cries, "Guess and be censored" or "Print and be suppressed." And the guessing is so outrageous that the Censor is convinced that the now out-of-work racing tipsters have been turned on to do the war stunts.

* * *

Does anyone realise that a single man can at absolute will shut down every newspaper published in London? And he need not state his reason! Really, I am beginning to shudder for my Zeppelin Insurance! This has long ceased to be a free country, but might it not try to be sane?

* * *

Let me offer my hearty congratulations to Colonel the Right Hon. Sir F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P. In degenerate days, when your ordinary politician slobbers over the Press, he has shown his contempt for the powers that made him by becoming within a week of his promotion the best disliked of all our Ministers—in Fleet Street. I shall watch developments in this connection with great interest. Hitherto "F. E." has been described as "the eternally young" or as "looking younger than ever." Are we to read of him as "a middle-aged man with a saturnine smile"? Or, worse still—he may be absolutely ignored. Then "F. E." and dear Winston will tear each other's hair and bewail their lost inheritance.

ONE OF HIS LAST ROUNDS

A snapshot of Lewis Waller, taken only a short time before his death while playing a round of golf with Harry Lauder

As a matter of fact—historical fact—lawyers have nearly always failed in statecraft. Mr. Asquith—whose boots "F. E." is seemingly very partial to just now—is an outstanding exception. So was Sir William Harcourt. So possibly may be Sir John Simon. But the rest—and they are a multitude—what have they done? Take Sir Robert Finlay and Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Marshall Hall, Sir Richard Webster (as he then was), Sir Charles Russell, dear good Sir Frank Lockwood, and scores more of them, not excluding Lord Chancellors Halsbury, Herschell, and many others—what have they or any of them done for statecraft? Heaven only knows how many lawyers there are not in the House to-day. Well—what have they done, or what are they doing? It is no good blinking the truth. The House of Commons is regarded as an essential part of the successful lawyer's career. In some cases it leads to the Bench. But it very seldom gives the country a statesman.

* * *

If we swept all the lawyers out of the House and put grocers in their place we should probably do better. As a fact, grocers have done quite well in Parliament. Who was the Radical Minister, referring to his Under-Secretary, who said to a colleague: "I will swop my grocer for yours"? What Prime Minister has offered to swop his lawyer for anyone else's? He knows he has just as good a one or quite as bad a one on every third or fourth seat of every row. Really, a defence of lawyers as politicians is easily made. But it is not worth making. Politicians are damned. We have no use for them. It is statesmen we are hunting for to-day. And even "F. E." would not suggest ——. But I am not so sure of that either! Now that he is Attorney-General he is, I imagine, F. double E. Smith.

* * *

It is difficult to keep pace with the inactivities of the powers that ought to be. Just now, ours is a tragedy of grey and red—grey hairs in the Cabinet and beautiful red blood on the field of sacrifice. Between the two there is an impassable gulf. Who is to control this war? I imagine that even a world-war *should* be controlled by someone. Who is to do it? Is it to be dear old grey hairs who makes speeches or the men who face the hell and see death every hour of the day?

* * *

It is the soldiers who are fighting and falling. A War Committee to control the war—without a single soldier on it—is just—well, it is just what we would expect—of the politicians.

When Sphinx Meets Sphinx

KITCHENER: "Hullo, old girl! What a treat to hear a little silence again"

THE SPHINX (joyously): _____ _____ _____

(The British War Minister was announced to intend to include Egypt in his tour of the Near East)

NOTES *from* THE HAGUE

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THROUGH The Hague passes a continuous stream of mysterious missioners. Many are reported, but few are officially announced to be here. For instance, Caillaux . . . The Hague, as a respectable city, positively refuses to know anything about him. Proclaimed from the house-tops, however, was the recent sojourn here of Colonial Minister Solf, from Berlin, and ex-Ambassador Paul zu Wolf Metternich.

I happened, as the saying goes, to barge into them at the Vieux Doelen Hotel, an old, dignified, and exceedingly comfortable hostelry that reeks of history and diplomacy and high intrigue. Solf doesn't look an intriguer—or even for that matter a Hun. He looks a kindly gentleman, who must practise the usual Hunnish vices (poisoning, stabbing, kidnapping, conspiracy, larceny, etc., etc.) with reluctance. It would be pro-German treachery on my part to suggest that he doesn't practise them at all, and that he is as benevolent as he looks. . . . Metternich reeks of the eighteenth century, and though doubtless *capable de tout* (in diplomacy), he looks about as Hunnish as, say, Mr. Balfour, whom he is not altogether unlike, with his white hair, high brow, slight grey moustache, and general air of detachment and philosophic doubt.

What Solf and Metternich were doing at The Hague is a matter of speculation. It was the Minister's first visit; and he told me he found the museums, etc., most interesting. . . . That's the best of a job like that of the Minister of the German Colonies. Must have on his hands that leisure without which it is impossible to enter into the true spirit of antiquity.

While in The Hague, the German mission conferred, of course, with Kuhlmann, who remains at the German Legation, despite the scandals—recalling the days of Kuno von Moltke and Eulenberg—of which that edifice was lately the centre. Before I leave the chronicling of such matters to a resident correspondent, who will keep THE BYSTANDER as well-posted in them as the Censor permits, I will just place on record my general impression of the Dutch attitude towards the war, so far as it has been possible to gauge it in a series of rather hasty conversations.

The general run of Dutchmen—the democracy—are, in principle, just as favourable to the Allies as the Allies are themselves. Most Dutchmen I met spoke of the Allies as "we" and "us": they criticised and complained, it is true—just as we do ourselves. They were disappointed at our Cabinet wrangles, our haphazard recruiting methods, our Winstonic boastings, and our limited successes on land, just to the same extent as educated and sensible Englishmen are. But their sympathies are Anglo-Franco-Belgian rather than Russian.

Towards the Germans there is suspicion, dislike and disgust at atrocities of the Louvain, *Lusitania* and Cavell type. But the Dutchman cannot, perforce, share all the British fury, as he does not read the British newspapers, and is not influenced by the utterances of British rhetoricians in a hurry. Furthermore, he reads in his own papers accounts—untrue, of course—of alleged British infractions of correct conduct. He has also, as I recorded in a previous article, Boer War memories. Knowing a good deal more about the Germans than we possibly can, being in closer touch with them, he knows, as we seem not to, that there are Germans of all sorts and shapes and sizes, and that the general run of the German people is not responsible for the acts committed (generally without their knowledge) by the heads of the Prussian Army and Navy. Also, that the general run of the German people believe honestly, fervently, and fanatically that the war was begun by a wanton attack on the Fatherland by Russia, backed up by France, and treacherously aided and abetted by England. The German does not figure in the eyes of the Dutchman as consciously blood-guilty.

There are political reasons why some of the Dutch are not unfavourable to the Germans. One of these is colonial. It is not believed that Germany envies the Dutch colonies, for the simple reason that Java, Sumatra, etc., are climatically unsuitable for the colonisation of white men. True, this precludes their acquisition also by ourselves. But Britain has an ally in Japan, and the Dutch East Indies *could* be colonised by Japs. Wherefore Holland is nervous:—

"While we don't suspect Britain of any desire to take our colonies, we can never be altogether sure that, in a generous moment towards your Eastern Allies, you may not let them turn their eyes in that direction."

A very wrong view, as I tried to assure my informant. But he impressed upon me the fact that the Dutch have a belief that we are by no means as reluctant to bargain away the property of others as we like to think ourselves.

Another reason why certain Dutch circles favour Germany is because they believe—with old Thomas Carlyle and the British of the Victorian era—that Germany stands for the principle of monarchism and stability, whereas France, they say, stands for Republicanism and instability. They profess to dread a Europe under the domination of France. When I pointed out, however, that of all the countries at war none had shown herself more perfectly stable and masterful of her emotions than the French of 1915, it was agreed I was right. They hadn't thought of that. From which I deduce that there is sufficient of the Teutonic strain about the Dutchman to afflict him with the habit of forming conclusions on inadequate data. The Dutchman, however, possesses what the German does not, and that is a certain fairness and receptivity of mind and a sense of humour. Once an opposition view is clearly stated, it seems to be listened to, as in Germany it is not.

Lastly, the military. It is the regrettable fact that Dutch soldiers entertain the belief that the Germans are the masters of the art of war, against whom it is more or less futile for others to compete. Equally, they concede to Britain a mastery of seamanship.

In conclusion, the Dutch, if provided with all the evidence, would probably come as near to a fair and just estimate of the whole situation as any other nation. The fault is that our amazing officialism has positively no machinery at work whereby the British truth may be made to prevail.

The Things That Matter

SCENE: NEAR LOOS, DURING THE RECENT GREAT OFFENSIVE

Colonel FitzShrapnel receives the following message from "G. H. Q.":—"Please let us know, as soon as possible, the number of tins of raspberry jam issued to you last Friday"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

On the Riviera—Now

WHERE ARE THE SOCIAL SWALLOWS OF YESTERYEAR?

THE PROMENADE AT MONTE

Usually thronged with distinguished visitors. The only distinguished visitors now are wounded soldiers being nursed back to health

THE BATH CHAIR HAS SUPERSEDED THE MOTOR CAR

SOME MORE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

Taking their ease. They find the invigorating air of the Mediterranean a splendid tonic

THE ONE EXCITEMENT OF THE DAY—

Reading the war bulletins

Just about now, in times of peace, the social swallow takes its first flight southwards, and the Riviera begins to assume a tentative air of gaiety, the "Rooms" of Monte are opened, and the pigeon begins to think of the next world. Now, the only visitors are the convalescent. If the war takes a favourable turn by Christmas, is it not possible that the French Government might permit just a *little* season for such English people as are positively and hopelessly debarred from serving their country? There is really quite a large number who could be spared from war work including members of both Houses of Parliament

The Military Viewpoint

LOOKING BACKWARD ON THE GREAT "ADVANCE"

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S despatch of October 15 appeared duly on November 2, and though comment to-day may seem belated, it is the Editor's wish that it should appear, and I may remark at the outset that the proverb about not looking a gift horse in the mouth may be applied to the reception of despatches. We must not expect too much, though as each one of us is, so to speak, a shareholder in the vast undertaking called War, full and frequent reports from the managers are appreciated; all the more that the absence of despatches usually portends a lack of success. The document under notice was written three weeks after the beginning of the battle of September 25, and in view of our Regulation that "clearness of expression and freedom from any possibility of misunderstanding is more important than literary form," it is strange to read a sentence like this: "Our hold on Fosse 8, backed as *it* is by the strong defences and guns of Auchy, was distinctly precarious." Does the pronoun in italics stand for "hold" or "Fosse 8"? Evidently the perfect despatch-writer is still to seek.

* * * *

However, the first thing to realise is the force that was available for operations. Ten "corps" are mentioned, and apparently each is composed of three divisions. These formations should include 600,000 of all ranks, but Mr. Asquith says we have "nearly a million" troops in France, and so after making liberal allowance for L. of C. units and Administrative Troops it would seem that considerable forces are being maintained in this theatre in a state of inactivity. Needless to say, England has never before had such a martial array on the Continent, and the dominating fact of the present situation is that notwithstanding its numerical strength our army really is a contingent acting under the instructions of General Joffre. It follows that Sir John French is not responsible for the strategy, and, in fact, we were told months ago that the French leader had devised "a national strategy suited to the genius and the circumstances of the French people." The British Army is one of the instruments of this strategy, and we do well to remember it when reading Sir John French's dispatches, as it may account for his silence as to the plan or objective, the aim or the end, of all the fighting that has cost us so dear.

A MATCH FOR HINDENBURG

General Alexieff, who was appointed Chief-of-Staff to the Tsar on his assumption of the supreme command of the Russian armies, and whose ability has already been proved by the recent turn of the tide of Russia's fortunes in the field

* * * * *

About Ypres on June 2 and July 30 we were forced into action by the enemy, and on August 9 we had to fight in order to recapture the ground we had lost ten days before, but we are not told why three corps attacked on June 16. Outpost troops in close contact will, of course, come to blows—the entire "front" is really an outpost line—but an effort like that down at Givenchy by the Canadian Brigade on Waterloo Day would seem to be asking for trouble. The casualties in connection with these affairs are not mentioned. Perhaps they seemed insignificant, since a loss of 5,000 men would only mean 1 per cent. of a force of half a million. The corollary is that a general action with a definite object in view is always more economical than a series of minor engagements and daily and nightly bickering at the outposts, which in the course of six months upon a front of fifty miles may wipe out the equivalent of a dozen divisions.

* * * *

Only five short paragraphs of the despatch are devoted to three months' operations, and the remainder deals with our attack on September 25 and our defence against the German counter-attack on October 8.

* * * * *

Our main attack was entrusted to five divisions from the 1st and 4th Corps. The holding attack was delivered by two divisions from the 3rd and Indian Corps and a part of the 1st Corps. The main attack, however, on the second day of the battle absorbed three more divisions, including the Guards. A dismounted cavalry brigade was put into Loos as a garrison, and the 28th Division was brought from Bailleul as a further reinforcement. The front of attack being 6,500 yards, evidently the troops were packed so close that direction and control, evacuation of wounded, and the distribution of reinforcements must have been extremely difficult. The enemy's target was an easy one. The French 10th Army was operating on our right, and on the sixth day it lent

(Continued on page 256)

Neutrals, Please Note!

THE above is a very popular German picture postcard, a miniature of the large poster which the German Press Bureau is urging patriotic citizens to send abroad to their friends in neutral countries. The title is "Kulturbrüder in Gesangenenlager," or

"BROTHERS OF CULTURE IN THE PRISONERS' CAMP,"

and is supposed to show neutrals what sort of races are fighting in alliance with Great Britain.

THE BYSTANDER circulates "some" in neutral countries, and we publish the postcard with pride. For what does it show? Simply this—that united in the campaign against the kind of "kultur" that Germany seeks to impose on other States, is every type of humanity, every race, every colour, every creed, in the wide world. Search the world from China to Peru, and you will not find a single race, white, black, red, brown, or yellow, that wishes Germanism to rule the world, while you find scores who are ready to shed their blood to prevent its triumph. If coloured Turks, Kurds, Arabs, fight with the Germans, it is only under iron compulsion, and with the fond secret hope that the Allies will win.

All independent nations, without exception, loathe Germanism, and dread the prospect of its domination over the world. For this reason, therefore, when Britain drew the sword against the monster, her War Ministry was positively embarrassed with offers of help from the various races and tribes who own the benevolent sway of King George V., a type of rule that preserves peace and order among coloured races, while assuring to them at the same time perfect individual, social, and religious liberty. There is no shame in the association of men of all races and colours in the prisoners' camps: there is only honour—an honour Germans will never attain so long as their tyrannical empire lives. Their ways and manners are such that no such rally of races could ever take place to their flag as has taken place to the Union Jack.

Have We Bagg'd-dad ?

THE MAIN STREET OF BAGDAD

THE ARCH OF THESIPHONE IN BAGDAD, A RUIN SOME THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD

The allegation by the enemy of the British occupation of Bagdad is, we hope, only the usual anticipation of the truth. We accept it with reserve, however. At the moment it would suit the enemy's purpose to advertise a British triumph in Mesopotamia, as the Turks would thereby be persuaded of the extreme necessity for them to allow that big German army to encamp at Constantinople—a necessity of which they have not hitherto been convinced

THE MILITARY VIEWPOINT (*concluded from page 263*)

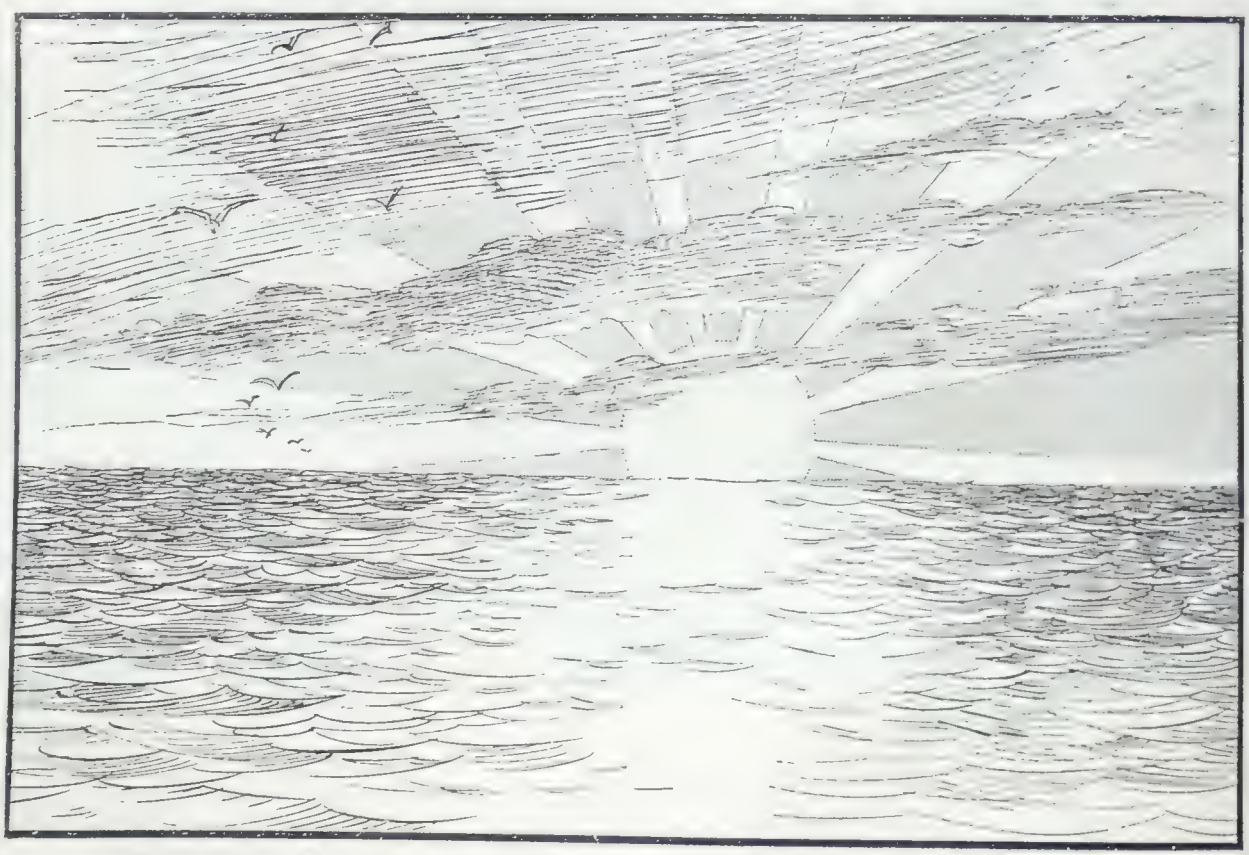
Sir John French a corps to hold Loos and "Hill 70." The enemy's stubborn defence of a position of great strength, supported by a powerful artillery, brought our advance to a standstill at the end of the first day, and the gain of a salient with an extreme depth of about 3,000 yards is the net result of a fortnight's fighting. We are assured that the enemy's counter-attack on October 8 did not cause us to yield any of the ground we had won on September 25. But the Arras-Lens-La Bassée road is still controlled by the enemy after this, the latest of the attacks upon this sector which the French and British have delivered or sustained for over a year. There is still a large measure of luck about military operations. Rain and mud and darkness are not usually encountered in France in late September. A German detachment 500 strong held up the right brigade of our 1st Division, and although it ultimately surrendered, it had gained time for the German reserves to arrive. The 15th Scottish Division (New Army) in a little more than an hour had pushed on over the main road to Cité St. Auguste, a mile east of Hill 70, but, alas! the 47th on its right and the 1st on its left had not ranged themselves alongside, and so in the afternoon, when the German reserves came up, the 15th was thrown back again west of the road. Next day an attempt was made with the 21st and 24th divisions to seize Hill 70, which had a redoubt on its eastern slope, and Hulluch; but the enemy took the initiative, and, stopping our attack, threw our people on the defensive.

* * * * *

The British attack might almost be regarded as a holding attack for the benefit of the French 10th Army, since our Ally waited until after noon to commence operations. The Hohenzollern Redoubt played the part that Hougoumont played at the Battle of Waterloo and its use by the Germans will exemplify the value of advanced posts, modern artillery notwithstanding. The 26th Brigade (9th Division) secured Fosse 8 on the 25th, but had to yield possession for want of support, although soon after dawn on the 27th the brigade was seen to be in sore straits. The counter-attack of October 8 was delivered on a front of about four miles by eight or ten battalions against the French 10th Corps, and eighteen or twenty battalions against our 1st and Guards Divisions. We are told that the Germans left 9,000 dead on this occasion, an average of only one per yard of front. On this head I need say no more, but a reference to the French Official Report of last February will show an extraordinary miscalculation in estimating the enemy's powers by its compilers, but documents of this kind are not studied by our troops, who will go on—gallant fellows!—enjoying themselves in bouts with "the Boches" as often as permitted by their leaders.

* * * * *

The minor tactics of to-day are disclosed in the records in the *Gazette* of November 4 of officers and soldiers who have been decorated, but the despatch points out how the modern practice of artillery takes Observing Officers in front of infantry during the preliminary bombardment. It is, however, perplexing to find that the same difficulty and loss is being experienced in attack as a year ago, although our new siege batteries are praised and there is no lack of ammunition, nor are we now handicapped by the enemy's use of gas, our Tunnelling Companies are manned by professional miners and engineers, and, in short, it would be almost a comfort to light upon some flaw in our mechanical arrangements, the removal of which would promise better results next time. But the very perfection of our tactical methods precludes the idea that we shall ever put up a better fight than we have just done, and so future results must depend on either a falling-off in fighting power on the part of the enemy or some great illumination as to strategy on the part of the Supreme Command.



"BUSINESS AS USUAL," OR THE GERMAN MERCHANT FLEET AT SEA

The War Must Wait

"But, Reggie, you can't possibly go back on Friday. That's the day we've asked the Mulligatawnys to meet you!"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Looking Around" at the Garrick

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE genial pessimists who are helping the enemy by making it appear that the British public are downhearted, ought to drop in and see a few of the current revues. They would surely come away from them with the impression that we are not at all downhearted. (No-o-o !) The latest outburst of jollity is "Looking Around" at the Garrick Theatre, and it is quite as amusing as any of its compeers. Apart from its streaks of rich humour, there is quite the average number of fascinating chorus ladies, to say nothing of the very sweet thing who wore her hand at her expansive neck most of the time under the modest, and not unreasonable, apprehension that she had been, as it were, cut too low.

The production is really Mr. Jack Norworth's evening. Whenever things threatened to become dull, Mr. Norworth drifted in from the wings on any old excuse, and got busy. By degrees the appearance of Mr. Norworth on the stage began to be synonymous with real hilarity, and as the evening wore on we gave thanks for him gratefully. The original idea of the piece was that London has been overwhelmed by the Parisian Revue ; and in order to show what was meant by that kind of Revue, we were introduced to the lively Polaire and her accompanying chorus of short-skirted ladies who walked on the scene backwards so that they might give their abbreviated skirts the characteristic jerk-up behind which, I believe, is understood, allegorically, to imply the extreme degree of abandoned recklessness. Polaire was not for the moment at her best, perhaps, but Mr. Norworth came to her rescue with a song which brought down the house. It was a ballad of love sung by Mr. Norworth while Polaire looked on and smiled her appreciation of the compliment. The idea of the song was that the singer was glad to have been able to fall in love with a good, plain, homely, sensible girl, instead of one of the frivolous lot ; and the humour of it lay in its gentle poetic candour. Because it is not usual to remind a lady that she is one of the plain and homely sort and is, therefore, not likely to attract other admirers in her husband's absence. I mean, hang it ! they all like to believe that they are frightfully dangerous if they only chose to go and be a little bit reckless. What ?

"A PLAIN ORDINARY GIRL"
SUNG BY JACK NORWORTH AND POLAIRE

The song of the evening was sung by Mr. Norworth in his very best style, and it was encored till all the good things were completely used up. It was all about Private Cassidy, V.C., and told of his prowess in the face of the foe. For instance, Private Cassidy needed a pair of boots, so he went out to supply himself from enemy sources. Returning a little late he apologised for his fault by saying that he had had to kill nineteen of them before he could get a pair of boots of the right size. On another occasion he was very busy in a bayonet fight, and it was observed that he had a peculiar movement in dealing out death to the enemy. This he explained after the action to the sergeant by pointing out that all the Germans marked with a C were his little lot. Mr. Norworth's quiet and unassuming way of presenting the most absurd details would make the fortune of any song. This outbreak of hilarity takes place in a scene entitled "London's new roof garden." A peculiarity of the scene is that it is surrounded by distant views of the essentially American sky-scraper building. The subtle suggestion may be that New York has annexed London and altered it to suit American tastes. It may not be far wrong, judging by the extent to which the theatrical world of America has of late settled down to undisputed possession of our metropolis.

A scene that is apropos of nothing in particular is a very delicate and charming representation of a boy and a girl in the nursery most agreeably played by Mr. Norworth and Miss Beth Tate, the latter, a most attractive young lady who, they tell me, is a great success in the world of Variety Theatres. Later on Miss Tate gave us a song all on her own account to the effect that a Mason never tells. Miss Tate's interpretation of the oath of secrecy was that since a Mason never tells, it really doesn't matter if he catches you flirting with someone with whom you ought not to be so dangerously familiar. The late Mr. Gladstone once emphasised the fact that a change of occupation is true recreation, but I do not think his disciples would assent to Miss Tate's interpretation of the first principle that a change is as good as a rest. JINGLE

A Panacea for Pessimism

The new Revue at the Garrick offers a sovereign cure for pessimism. It is impossible for low spirits to exist in such a joyous atmosphere, and the success of the production should be therefore assured

A December War-Wedding

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS DAPHNE FITZGEORGE

Second daughter of the late Colonel FitzGeorge, and grand-daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, who is engaged to be married in December to Mr. George Foster Earle, son of Mr. J. Hudson Earle. The bridegroom elect is in the Army Service Corps, and has seen service at the Front

The Theatre in War Time

FEMINA IN CHARGE OF SCENERY AND LIMELIGHT

WITH superb *insouciance* the theatres continue to play nightly to full houses. Neither Zeps nor darkness seems to keep the British public in their homes. They flock to their romantic dramas, to their hotch-potch at the music-halls; to American plays where *frissons* are as thick as currants in a Buzzard cake. The picture of a monstrous-looking parson standing between two Eves still haunts our hoardings everywhere; I, myself, am dying to know what horrors this portends. And at the little Kingsway audiences are tickled to death with the brilliant presentation of a duel in psychology between Suburbia and Bohemia.

* * *

When bombs drop on a playhouse the audience—steeped in Ally-ism (even to the accent)—murmurs to itself: "*Cela ne fera rien*"—and sits tight. We catch our latest "new and promising young playwright" just before he departs for the front; and when heroes run short "Babs" plays the comic relief, while "Beatie" appears in trousers with a cane, and out-Hallams Basil himself. The splendid scarcity of male stage hands seems to matter not at all. There is at least one theatre being run almost entirely by women. And that is the one where the glittering Iris intervenes with such incomparable success.

"Then we saw the limelight 'men' in sandshoes and short linen overalls climb up into their tiny perches in the wings"

* * *

We went behind the Kingsway scenes the other night and saw Femina at work producing comedy. There the Stage Manager and "his" assistant are both women, and a woman prompter stood in the wings and dodged the scenery of Golder's Green between the acts. The Property Manager is a woman. She is responsible for all the knick-knacks of Suburbia, she sees that Mr. Cumber's fairy lights are ready for the garden-party scene, and that Mr. James Caligula Stene's amazingly important drawings are there for the Honble. Eynsham to snaffle. It is her business also, I suppose, to see that the scarlet motor-car does not get lost.

* * *

Then we saw the limelight "men" in sandshoes and short linen overalls climb up into their tiny perches in the wings. In Act I. they bathed the

(Continued on page 272)

THE THEATRE IN WAR TIME (concluded from page 271)

villa's drawing-room with discreet beams of Sunday evening light; and later helped to emphasise the radiancy of that wrecker of domestic satisfaction—the gusty, fascinating Russian. From their dusty eyries these limelight experts looked down unperturbed upon her sumptuous tantrums, her dazzlement, her inimitable *esprit*; their primary concern was whether the Dover Road was sufficiently flooded with moonbeams for the wordy intervention of Iris to get starshine into darling Mr. Cumber's eyes and soul. With each drawn-out "By . . . George" the light of an excellent moon diminished, and the two were left sleeping beside the car in a first-class morning dawn.

"Up in the gallery we found a lady 'chucker-out'"

* * *

While Femina shifted the garden wall of Pyramus and Thisbe, a ladies' string orchestra (the conductor, too, in petticoats) played Chopin's Nocturne in D flat exceedingly well. And up in the gallery we found a lady "chucker-out" who, no doubt, found persuasiveness as effectual as muscle, while down in the cellars a lady electrician did mysterious things with a large switchboard covered with little knobs. And there were no long waits between the acts in this ingenious comedy; they chased each other almost as fast as the witticisms in the play.

* * *

So inveterate playgoers need not lose heart. Women will see that the London "boards" are not left to the philandering of beetles and the undramatic exits and entrances of rats and mice. Light plays for dark nights continue to appear, as "Jingle" shows you every week; despite disparaging hunts for taxis in the gloom and the stampede on the Underground. The Public's taste in dramatic fare may be a little uncritical, but its love for it is fierce; and not all the Zeppelins in Germany (is it five or six or twenty-five?) are going to quench it. D.L.-B.

"She is responsible for all the knick-knacks of Suburbia"

"Iris intervenes"

A Most "Politeful" Villain

THE LATE MR. E. S. WILLARD: A FAVOURITE PORTRAIT

PORTRAIT BY CAVENDISH MARION

THE late Mr. E. S. Willard came very near to being a great actor. He was certainly an actor of distinction, and once or twice in his career gave promise of a fine quality that is unhappily rare to-day. It seems inevitable that his name should be associated with the part of the "villain" in popular melodrama, but in his hands the "villain" became always what Marryat would have called a most "politeful" person. Mr. Willard was the "villain" in the first play I ever saw, Mr. Sims's "Lights o' London." I was very young and very green at the time, and the sufferings of the gallant hero and the harmless heroine at the "villain's" hands affected me deeply. I was not surprised to find that when Mr. Willard appeared before the curtain at the close of each act he was noisily hissed. It seemed to me he had deserved it. A year or two later when I was beginning to sit up and take notice I saw Mr. Willard again. This time he was the King in Mr. Wilson Barrett's production of "Hamlet," and his powerful reading of the character suggested that the great actor, for whose advent we were waiting at the time, had come among us at last. Somehow or another, however, he seems to have just missed the top step. Mr. Willard was held in high esteem in the United States. Of late years he was seldom seen in London, and it was understood that he had retired from the profession. He made a welcome reappearance a few years ago at a special performance at His Majesty's Theatre, when he appeared as Mark Antony in the funeral oration scene, and made many of us hope that he had come back to the stage to win fresh laurels. Unfortunately for us, Mr. Willard decided otherwise.—JINGLE

Books of the Week

ROMANCE, REVELATIONS AND REMINISCENCES

Romance

WITH a score or more of modern psychological novels appearing every week, it is pleasant to take up a book by Mr. Rafael Sabatini and find oneself transported back to those exciting times in Italy when a poison-taster stood dutifully behind you at table, and when you fought for your life not with liquid fire or other scientific monstrosity, but with no more than a trusty sword. His latest book, *The Banner of the Bull* (Secker: 6*s.*), takes its title from the crest of the Borgias, and contains three incidents in the career of the greatest of them all—Caesare, Duke of Valentinois, the "Prince" of Machiavelli.

Cesare the Great

These three incidents all go to show that Caesare Borgia was, to say the least of it, a far-seeing man. Always, it would seem, did he know just what man to employ on a particular task. In the taking of the castle of San Leo, young Castrocaro was obviously the right man, and he never knew that his love affair had been turned by Caesare to good account. The iniquitous Pantaleone was naturally chosen to find the hiding Orsini, and you are not sorry to hear how he failed. It was a very terrible scheme whereby the Duke, for once in his life, was bested, in the unravelling of which Mr. Sabatini shows his great skill. In the third incident Caesare neatly scores off the Venetian Ambassador, into whose house young Captain Graziani has been inveigled. The three stories are at once exciting and well-told. They leave you with a feeling of thankfulness that Caesare, for all his dabbling in poisons, did not discover some drug which would have prolonged his life into modern times. We could hardly have stood him to-day.

MR. CARADOC EVANS

Whose book, "My People," dealing intimately with the peasant life of West Wales, is reviewed on this page

The Claimant—New Style

The kleptomaniac marquis who went to Canada and married and returned without mentioning his marriage; the well-meaning brother who succeeds him; his beautiful daughter; and the rightful marquis who fell in love with her—here you have the protagonists of the oldest of old stories. And yet Mr. J. D. Beresford has calmly appropriated the lot, and—miracle of miracles!—succeeded in writing quite a new sort of story with these people and a sensible *dénouement*. In *The Mountains of the Moon* (Cassell: 6*s.*) the "claimant" is a Canadian professor of economics with Socialist views. And his visit to the great places in England that should rightly be his involves, to his mind, no more than a natural desire to learn something of his relations. The Fates, however, are against him. Newspaper articles appear, and he is suspect. Lady Tempe suspects him, the delightful Reggie Shepston, who runs the marquisate, so to speak, on his own, suspects him; and even after a terrible scene in which the "claimant" refuses to claim, matters are not much better. For Mr. Beresford approaches the problem in a rational way. You cannot play fast and loose with a British peerage as some novelists seem to think. However, matters do right themselves, and you lay down this book with a sense of gratitude to the author for his most amusingly told story. This is Mr. Beresford in a more frivolous mood than usual, but his frivolity is of the kind that is badly needed just now. *The Mountains of the Moon* is one of the most enjoyable books of the season.

Welsh Peasants

There is a book just published which is a remarkably powerful piece of work, yet one which will certainly not be to everybody's taste. *My People* (Melrose: 5*s.* net), by Caradoc Evans, is a series of sketches dealing with the everyday life of the peasants of West Wales. Of their truth you can hardly be doubtful, for no man would deliberately set out to write one libel after another about his own race. To say truth, however, Mr. Evans's People stand forth as about the nastiest creatures ever born to eat, pray, and sleep. You may have heard gross stories of the Russian peasants of long ago, but even the worst sort of *moujik* could not hold a candle to some of these Welsh worthies. Hypocrisy, selfishness, an amazing primitiveness in all human relations—these are their main characteristics. As a literary document, however, *My People* is altogether out of the ordinary. Here is drama, a certain grim humour, above all real power. The book leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, but sometimes it is well to experience that nasty taste. It will be interesting to see Mr. Evans's next book.

Splendid Memoirs

The publishers are doing a big thing in issuing Mr. Francis Arkwright's translation of the *Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon* (Stanley Paul: 10*s.* 6*d.* net each volume). There has been some abridgment, it is true, but not enough to take away anything of value from this sprightly nobleman's writings. The first two volumes appeared earlier in the year, two more are now ready, and the edition will be completed in a little while by the issue of a fifth and sixth volume. A translator's work is not always easy, but Mr. Arkwright seems just the right man for the work. He has captured something of the memoirist's style, and the pages in their English dress read exceedingly well. The *Memoirs* themselves will already be known to many, but this version, so beautifully arranged and illustrated, gives you the idea of a definitive English edition. R. S.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Barber

BY T. P. CAMERON WILSON

CALLENDER smiled to himself as he turned into the little barber's shop. He had known it well in times of peace, when it had been kept by a German, with a frankly German name and an equally Teutonic moustache. Callender had a hole in his right arm now, torn by a piece of German shrapnel, and he limped painfully as the result of further German attentions to his foot. He was, in his own phrase, a "bally wreck," and he felt just a trifle self-conscious at the undisguised stares which his bandages and uniform won for him in the street.

He came into the gloom of the shop with mingled relief and amusement. Of course the old German would have vanished months ago—into a detention camp, or possibly back to the Faterland. Callender remembered chaffing him, in that dim impossible past before the war, about the *Daily Mail* and the German invasion, and he remembered how his laughing accusations had been met with indignant denials and all the dear old lies about a peace-loving Kaiser and a dove-like Germany.

The shop was small, but clean. The glass-topped counter, with its bottles of hair-oil and tubes of moustache-fixer, the shelves with their array of patent shaving-soaps and strops and hair-brushes seemed unchanged. There was no one behind the counter, and Callender hobbled painfully into the little room of mirrors and basins and chairs which was proclaimed "Shaving Saloon" on the glass-panelled door.

Yes, the old German had gone. This white-aproned man, who turned a pale and startled face towards him, was obviously a Frenchman. That was Callender's first thought, but his wits had come lately out of a hard schooling, and he told himself instantly that this stranger was almost too Gallic to be French. His tiny beard was black and pointed and oiled like that of the comic Frenchman of the caricatures. His moustaches were waxed incredibly. One would have recognised the cut of his hair as Parisian from the other side of the street, and in his buttonhole he wore an obtrusive tricolour.

"*Bon jour*, monsieur," he said with a bow.

"'Morning," said Callender. "Hair cut, please."

The barber bowed again, and Callender lowered himself with difficulty into a chair. The barber shook out a white smock over him, and tucked it in at his neck. Callender watched him in the glass.

"Too Gallic to be French," he repeated to himself, rather proud of his paradox. The man snapped his scissors in the air, and began to cut.

"Knows his business," commented Callender mentally. Callender had been fussy about his hair in peace-time, but two or three operations at the hands of a regimental barber had hardened him to indifference. He found himself remembering, now, certain fads. He had liked it cut very short at the back, for instance, and "just trimmed" elsewhere—a style that barbers' detested, as being eccentric and inartistic. He had had many struggles about it, with obstinate cutters of hair who refused politely to do as he requested. As though it mattered—now!

He caught the barber's eye in the mirror, and those too-wideawake wits of his leaped at an old memory and held it. He had met that glance before in this same mirror. Was it the old German, then, cutting his hair now? Impossible! He had been fair and fat, and as palpably German as this man was French. "*Too* French," he repeated. It was strange how that phrase stuck in his mind. This man was cutting his hair almost absent-mindedly, with his lips shaped to a whistle which never sounded. Callender's nerves were not acting quite normally, and he jumped perceptibly when it dawned on him that the barber had cut his hair very short at the back and was proceeding now to "trim the rest."

It *was* old Fritz, then, unconsciously bowing to the old fad. Or had he had an assistant? Callender could not remember. He examined the man in the mirror, trying to visualise the German as he did so. Gradually, so to speak, he fitted the remembered face of Fritz on to these unfamiliar features, and . . . it *was* Fritz! Fritz with his hair dyed black and cut *à la brosse*, Fritz with that fair waterfall moustache of his dyed also, and waxed impossibly. Fritz grown thinner and paler. Fritz, with a beard, Callender's rather cruel blue eyes twinkled with an unholy joy. How the man had done it he did not understand, but he knew that this was in England the long-suffering, the always courteous, and that such things had been done before, and would be done again, within her hospitable shores. He settled down to a morning's sport.

"This shop was kept by a German, wasn't it?", he asked.

The barber started and coughed.

"I tink so, sir," he said.

"What's happened to him?"

"Don' know, sir. Gone away."

"Damn good job. I suppose he's gone back to the Fatherland, or else he's still spying somewhere here in England, what?"

The barber shrugged. He appeared indifferent.

"Perhaps he's the very Johnny," went on Callender, "who plugged my foot, or who sent off the shell that burst near me. Funny thing war, isn't it?"

"Ver' funny, sir."

"I was quite friendly with the old devil, once. Yet if I'd seen him within range out there he'd have had a revolver bullet through him in no time."

"Of course, sir."

The entertainment was not going as well as it might, Callender decided. The man was too good an actor. And yet it was not quite that. There seemed to be something frozen about him, as though only the barber in him were alive. He could cut hair and he could shave, but he did it almost subconsciously, while the conscious humanity of him was icily dead. There was something distinctly uncanny about the blank glance of his eyes. Callender had seen almost the same look on the faces of men just dead in the trenches.

There was no sound in the room but the click-clickety-click of the scissors and the patter of rain on

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(*Continued on page 279*)

Shoolbred's

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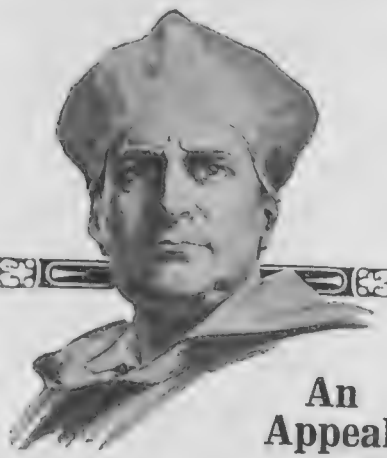

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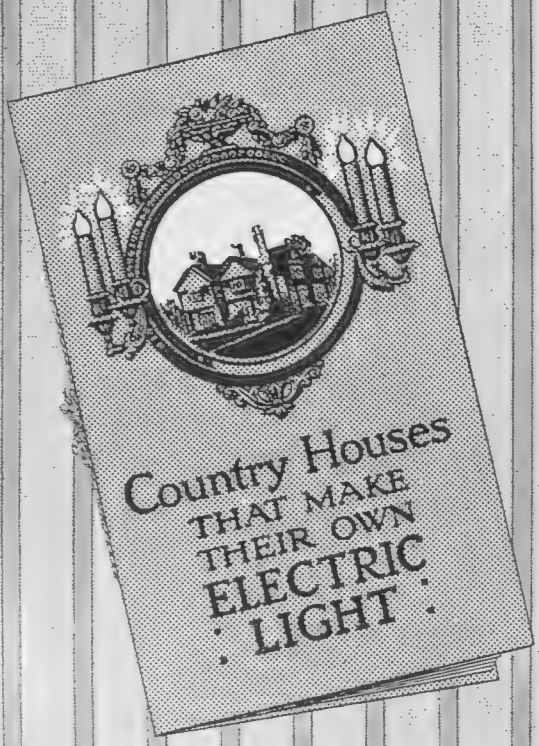

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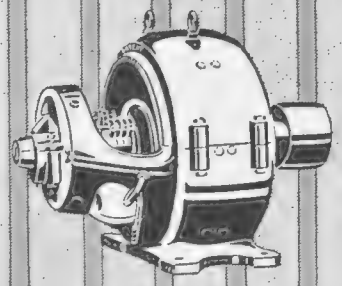

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Pleasant Reflections

are those, indeed, which show the lustrous milk-white beauty of a well-kept set of teeth.

The regular use of Calox will keep your teeth in that fine condition. Oxygen is the cleansing agent in Calox, and there is nothing else so purifying, nothing else that removes the causes of dental decay so effectually. Without delay start the regular night and morning use of Calox.

A Dainty Sample Box of Calox will be sent Free on receipt of a Postcard.

Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists and Stores at 1/3, in non-wasting metal boxes.

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The **FRENCH** Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores, and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.
And at Liverpool & Bristol.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Continued from page 276)

the dirty glass skylight overhead. Callender shifted uneasily in his chair, and again he met the glance of those dull eyes in the mirror. He held it this time for a few moments, imperiously, with his own hard steel-blue eyes, and saw a faint stirring of some emotion in that still white face . . . whether of surprise or fear or resentment he could not say. Then the thin chirrup of the scissors broke the silence again, and the barber dropped his glance and pursed up his lips for the whistle which never came.

"It's fine, isn't it, the way we're fighting?" said Callender almost savagely. "Your countrymen fought splendidly. You *are* French, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"They fought splendidly. We all got mixed up once, and I had a Frenchman next me in a charge. I took a dead man's rifle and bayonet, and we jumped together into a German trench."

He laughed.

"We didn't leave much for the Kaiser," he said rather cruelly.

He held up his uninjured left hand.

"Strange, isn't it," he said, "that this hand of mine has actually gripped a rifle which sent seven Germans to their death?"

Something seemed to break behind that impassive face. It was as though some barrier between the real man and the pale mask of him had been beaten down by Callender's deliberate brutality. He began to be more human. He licked his lips and muttered under his breath. But his hands kept the scissors mechanically to their work. He was a barber first, thought Callender, and then a German. Even while he winced at the thought of that terrible trench his hands went skilfully about their task.

"I remember one of them called out as he died," went on Callender. "He said something about the Fatherland . . . and . . . there was a woman's name. . . ."

He looked reflectively at his fingers.

"Poor devil," he said.

He had seen unnamable horrors committed as part of the approved warfare-system of Germany, and he felt nothing but a raw and savage resentment against the very name of that country and against even the most innocent of its citizens.

'You, as a Frenchman," he went on mercilessly, "will understand my pride. To have struck at that Beast—the Kaiser, I mean—through his army. . . . And there's life in me yet. I shall be out there again all right, and then——."

He held up his hand again and looked at it whimsically, his head a little on one side.

"Astonishing, isn't it," he said, "what power there may be in a single hand?"

The rain pattered on to the skylight. In the silence they heard someone running in the street. The steps died very quickly away. Callender looked up idly from the contemplation of his fingers. . . .

For a moment he thought that the barber had gone. He looked towards the door, and saw him there, fidgeting with the handle. . . . Or was it the key? Callender stiffened imperceptibly in his chair. He felt rather cold.

The barber had locked the door, and was coming back to him. Callender saw his face in the mirror. Two fiery spots of colour flamed in his white cheeks, and those dull eyes glittered now as though he were in a fever.

"Yes," he said thickly as he turned, "yes, it is astonishing, der power of an 'and." He held his own up, pale, flabby, and shaking. Then, with a little evil smile, he began to strop a razor. He was talking German now—almost crooning it as he moved the blade slowly up and down. Callender half understood him. "It is for the Fatherland," he heard him say. "All cannot go to the trenches. It is easier to do that—to fight. There is, perhaps, greater work, said the Herr Lieutenant, in London—to wait, to watch, to be ready . . . for Der Tag! Greater work, said the Herr Lieutenant. But it is more difficult work also. We do not win quickly. There are defeats. They grow hungry in the Fatherland, and still I wait. . . ."

He laughed suddenly, and stared round at Callender with glittering slanted eyes, in the dreadful sideway fashion of a lunatic.

"I wait no more," he said in English, "it shall be for the Fatherland. . . ."

Callender was thinking harder than he had ever thought before. The door locked . . . himself helpless (it took him some perceptible time to stand up, and even then he was very rocky on his feet) . . . his right arm worse than useless—far worse, for it pained him to move it . . . the street almost deserted because of the rain . . . and this madman with a razor. He watched that flabby hand . . . stropping, stropping . . . with a sort of hypnotised stare.

"A barber first and then a German." The phrase flashed through Callender's mind, and with it an idea born of desperation. The barber let the strop fall and turned stealthily towards him. He was crouching slightly and moistening his dry lips with his tongue.

"I'll have a shave, please," said Callender quietly.

The man stopped. Callender saw him look doubtfully at the razor. Then the little evil smile came back. It was almost as though he took that keen and shining blade into his confidence.

"Hurry up!" said Callender cheerfully, "and mind the water's hot."

His heart was beating furiously, and there was a little pulse of pain throbbing in his wounds, but he whistled cheerily and pretended to yawn. The barber's hand reached for the shaving-cup. He filled it with hot water, dipped the brush, lathered, and turned round to the chair. He was chuckling quietly as at a hidden joke.

Callender was holding himself in hand with his full strength of will. Those rotten nerves of his would persist in jumping, but he leaned his head back without an apparent tremor, and felt the barber's hand arrange the towel at his throat. The hot brush touched his chin, and he started a little. The lathering began. Over his head was the muddy skylight, pitted with rain-drops. Presently the chuckling ceased. There was utter and desolate silence, till the German turned again to the basin, put down the brush . . . and took up the razor.

(Continued on page 280)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Concluded from page 279)

"A barber first and then a German," said Callender to himself, over and over again, till the words began to lose their meaning. "A barber first and then a German. It must be true."

The man was stropping the razor again, briskly this time, in the true professional manner. His lips were formed as though to whistle. Callender's left hand gripped the arm of the chair till the wood bit into his flesh.

The man turned round and leaned over him. Callender avoided his eyes and stared at the skylight. There was a corner of it washed clean by the rain, and he saw a white cloud against the blue. . . . His heart was beating almost intolerably fast. He tried to pray. He felt the razor touch his cheek high up on the right side near the ear—the place where most barbers begin to shave. . . .

Mechanically, with his pale lips screwed up as though to whistle, the German went on with his shaving. He was at his trade. There was an absent look in his eyes. His spirit was far away, in a land dear to him because, mysteriously, it was the land of his birth. . . .

Callender felt a sudden sharp pain as the razor passed over the edge of his chin. He sat as though turned to stone. The barber muttered an apology, and made haste to stop the bleeding by rubbing something into the tiny cut. Callender's sheer strength of will kept him from hysterical laughter as he felt the sting of the caustic on his chin.

"Bay-rum or powder, sir?"

"Bay-rum."

Was it a dream? *Was* it a dream?

"T'ank you, sir. Good morning, sir."

The door was open. He was in the little shop. He was in the street. . . .

Was it a dream? . . . Those rotten nerves of his. . . .

A Special Constable was looking at him with interest. Callender went up to him

"That man in there," he said. He found speech a little difficult. He was trembling slightly. The Special Constable was sympathetic and puzzled.

"He is a German," said Callender.

The Special Constable smiled.

"I think not," he said. "You mean the barber, don't you? He's French."

"How do you know?" asked Callender.

The Special Constable smiled.

"We know," he said immensely. He was England. His complacency was obvious. He stroked his moustache.

Callender looked at him and then back at the shop. He was here in the street, free, unharmed. The rain had stopped. The sun came out. Children were laughing somewhere. . . .

"You've cut your chin," said the Special Constable.

"Yes," said Callender. "Yes."

He walked slowly away. T. P. CAMERON WILSON

INTOLERABLE!

FIRST SLACKER (to second ditto): "These lighting restrictions—darn'd nuisance. Hailed a "taxi" the other night and found myself in a bally motor 'bus"

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A Waltham Wristlet, a watch he can depend upon under all the hard conditions of warfare. Thousands of Walthams are worn by our men in the new armies. Strong, neat, durable, just the watch a soldier wants.

Send him one for Xmas.

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ALSO IN GOLD AND ROLLED GOLD CASES.

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Of all reliable watch- makers and jewellers.

Guard yourself against Winter's chill, by wearing

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SHIRTS & PYJAMAS

Comfortable to the last degree, "Viyella" garments have a unique health value by reason of the fact that owing to its constitution and method of manufacture "Viyella" both absorbs and radiates away the moisture from the body. Light, but warm, porous and soft, "Viyella" garments are a great way in advance of those made from ordinary flannel. "Viyella" Khaki Shirts have proved themselves to be *the* shirts for service wear, whilst, apart from these, the wide range of artistic stripes in both Shirts and Pyjamas cannot fail to please.

OF ALL GOOD-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

"Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas can only be obtained through Outfitters, but name and address of establishment nearest or otherwise suitable to you will be forwarded by manufacturers upon receipt of a postcard, together with patterns (free and non-returnable), and booklet "A Material Consideration," if desired.

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ld. (Wholesale only), 32, Viyella House, Newgate St., E.C.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

Contractors for Officers' Equipment at the War Office

TRENCH SPECIALITIES.

THE winter Trench garments of the house of Pope and Bradley are designed by Dennis Bradley after consultation with senior officers of the Service, and every point of utility and durability has been studied, so that for active service the campaigner may be independent of the elements.

This new military waterproof has been designed expressly as an all-weather coat for the Winter Campaign, and is absolutely indispensable to the kit of every officer. The "Trencher" coat is made of closely woven double-proof yarn, with a thin oil-silk lining and an extra detachable fleece lining. Its texture is impervious to the heaviest storm, it does not cake with mud, and it is practically wire-proof. Light in weight, with the detachable fleece lining it is equally adaptable to muggy weather or the severest frost.

By an ingenious device it is convertible from a short coat for waterlogged trenches to a long coat for driving rain. The "Trencher" is made in varied sizes to fit any figure, and may be ordered by post by stating chest measurement and height. The price is £5 15s. 6d., cash with order.

The Trench Waistcoat is an imperative essential for wear in cold weather underneath the tunic. It is made in pure fleece, very soft and pliable, and of equal warmth back and front. It is made in two designs, one for English and one for Highland regiments. The price is 35/-, and it can be supplied by post on receipt of chest measurement.

The following prices for Service Uniforms by Pope and Bradley represent the minimum at which the best quality can be obtained, and are reasonable, because the House is one of the largest buyers of Officers' khaki in London.

Service Jackets	from	£3	13	6
Slacks	„	1	7	6
Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin strapped)	„	2	12	6
British Warm	„	3	15	0
Service Great Coat	„	4	14	6

New Naval and Military Kit List, containing particulars of every Service requirement, will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

Motoring and the Future

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

AT HOME

Miss Haidée Hamilton, who presided last week at the Concert Artists' Benevolent Association at home, with her Daimler car

An Announcement

THE Arrol-Johnston Company, which, incidentally, is one of the firms in the British industry who have kept their title and goods as prominently in the public eye during the war as before it, a notable example of faith and enterprise in the Arrol-Johnston case in that the works have been given wholly to munition-making since the war started—the A.J. folk announce not only that they will most certainly recommence the manufacture of motor-cars directly they are free to do it, but that the price of the car then to be issued will be reduced. That is the sort of talk it is good to hear. Are we downhearted? No! Are we going to take it lying down? No! Nothing whimperish about us. Because we cannot come along just now is not to say we are not getting all ready to come along presently. We are making aero engines now—making them in a bigger cause than that of mechanical road transport, big though that was and is. We shall make motor-car engines later on, and make them all the better for the experience gained in the high precision work of aero-motor building. We have our plans laid, our factory lay-out organised; within a little we have our prices fixed. We shall not only be able to ensure qualitative competition, but we shall be able to put up a better price proposition than ever.

* * *

John the Imperturbable

That, as the immortal Thingummy has it, is the ticket. I am one of those horrific optimists who believe that the dreary folk will be sadly disappointed in their expectations after the war. Granted we shall all be much harder up than before the war, there will still be enough in cash and credit (particularly, I grant you, the latter) to carry on in a fairly opulent way. We have a nice sturdy economic constitution, be we English, Scottish, Irish or Welsh, and our powers of recuperation are probably at least 25 per cent. better than those of any other country on this planet. We have much for which to thank what we will call the old John Bull spirit of imperturbability. We can be spectacular enough when needs be, but it's got to be a big cause to move us. I doubt whether a cause in the general sense would do it. The particular incidences of the cause would; but not the cause itself.

* * *

National Characteristics

These things are in the bones and marrow of nations. The Italian would burst himself with indignation if somebody trod on his friend's corn. The Frenchman is only a few degrees less voluble and volatile. The American being a mixture of all sorts of people, breaks out in patches of high genius, low cunning, and the whole gamut that diverges from a straight line between. If the national flag of nations expressed the nation's soul, America's flag would be a patchwork quilt. But it takes something very special to move us, and we drop back again to our steady gait directly the rush is over.

* * *

A Steady Gait

That steady gait in national affairs is going to be our salvation during and after the war. We are going to feel this war less than any other participant—not because we have given less (per head of population we have given more); not because, faced by the big issue, we have remained sluggish and conserved our strength (our imperturbable Tommies have fought with a dash mellowed by a doggedness that no other soldiery have equalled, and they are the nation's most characteristic product), but because we can keep a more even keel in the average of all our affairs; because we are always in touch with our base, so to speak; because our fierce outbreaks are less deranging; because our resources are illimitable; because our markets are greater; because we are the bed rock of the world's credit; because if the British Empire went out to-morrow all the Empires man has made would totter and crumble. We get there second very often, as the Editor has pointed out; but we get there. And once arrived we put in the foundations of our house on a rock. We're there for good; whereas the other fellow who dashed in first is content to put up a wigwam on the sands. That is why the British are the greatest colonists. That is why a wind from London sets the financial straws of every capital in the world dancing. We are the stabilising element in the world of human affairs.

* * *

A Certain Future

And so I like this note of calm and confidence in the Arrol-Johnston advertisement. It is the right spirit. It is nearer the national spirit that "gets there." This war is not going to kill us. There will be many millions of wealth-producers left to produce wealth. The credit of the nation will still be worth many more millions. On that credit alone we could raise most of the working capital necessary, even if we were left without a golden piece—an impossible hypothesis, as impossible as a nation without a motor-car. Motor vehicles are an absolute necessity of business life, and, very largely, of social life also. We shall want motor vehicles as much, even more, than ever. And the firms which will survive, and prosper, and develop the British motor trade in the home market and around the world will be the firms which realise the spirit of the Arrol-Johnston announcement which set my pencil working. Given that spirit, I haven't a shadow of doubt about the future of the British industry. Within six months of the end of the war we shall be as well placed in relation to the available markets as we were before it. And I am open to lay odds that five years after the war the all-British car will have a larger Empire trade than the car of any other nationality. Any takers?

C. A. V. Lamp Bulbs. British throughout. Strong—Efficient—Reliable. Best for all car lighting purposes. Motorists should write for the C. A. V. Lamp Bulb Catalogue.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

The Cadillac has always been regarded as in a class by itself. To-day, with its Eight-Cylinder Engine, it is in a World all its own. It neither rides nor drives like any other car. F. S. BENNETT, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard St., Oxford St., W.

TO FORD OWNERS.—The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

A cash benefit handed on to the car purchaser.

¶ Enlargements and improvements to the Arrol-Johnston Car Works are making for lower production costs — and lower prices to the purchaser.

ARROL-JOHNSTON, LTD
Dumfries.

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REPUTATION.

A MAN is known by the Company he keeps, likewise the Daimler Car. The dignity and refinement of the Daimler Coachwork is in keeping with the impressive silence and efficiency of the Sleeve Valve Engine and the chassis. That is why it is so greatly in evidence at all society functions.

The Daimler never heralds its approach noisily, but quietly receives recognition and admiration. Conditional orders now being booked.

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2. The FEES ARE the LOWEST in London.
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Try a
COLMAN'S
MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

Before paying 8d. for tobacco try

7d.

per oz.
Medium and full.
Mild 7½d.

You can send Bond of Union duty free to your friend at the Front. Order from your tobacconist.

Bond of Union. You will find Bond of Union *at least* equal in quality to any more expensive mixture.

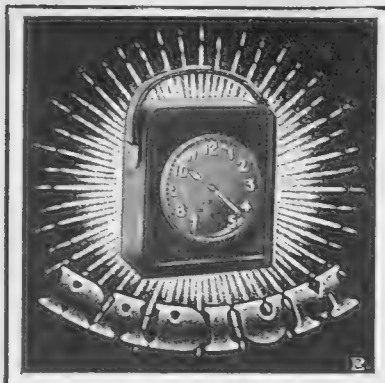
There are certain choice kinds of tobacco-leaf which yield an essentially cool, slow smoke. To make Bond of Union, these are cured by a special process, which ensures perfect development of the true flavour of each individual kind of leaf.

And a pipe of Bond of Union lasts half as long again as a pipe of ordinary mixture. Will you give it a trial?

Bond of Union is as silky on the palate as a fine old wine. It is supremely delicate in aroma, suave yet intense in flavour, incomparably cool.

Bond of Union

NEVER BITES THE TONGUE.
COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.



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Price complete, 40/6, post free; Colonial Post, 41/6
Watch only, 30/6, " " " 32/-
Solid Silver, 50/6, " " " 61/6

Guaranteed and money back if dissatisfied.

Write for fully descriptive List (Luminous Clocks and Watches), "The Story of Radium."

WAITE & SON, Radium Clock Experts,
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The Queen of Creams

If you use Milkmaid Cream you use a cream that is absolutely pure—free from the slightest taint of preservatives—the richest, most delicious, most dependable cream you can buy anywhere.

A fine food in summer, it is a vital food when the cold days come along—when the cost of ordinary dairy cream is quite prohibitive.

MILKMAID CREAM

Can be 'whipped' but can't be beaten.

Cash Price 5½d., 7d. and 11½d. per tin, of all Grocers and Stores.

Write for interesting Booklet containing over 70 recipes—post free on request.

NESTLÉ'S, 6 & 8, Eastcheap, E.C.

By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal **HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA**
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

FOR GREY HAIR SEEGEROL

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 6d., large size 2/- post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., 2b, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C.

"Daily Graphic" Photographs For Sale

Well-finished Bromide Enlargements of most of the Photographs in the "Daily Graphic" can be obtained at the following prices:—

6 inches by	4 inches	...	1/-
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Apply, enclosing Remittance, to the Manager, Graphic Photo Union, Tallis House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

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My Only Need

Palm and Olive Oils were used thousands of years ago by the lovely women of Greece and Rome to keep their Skins soft and pliable, as a preventive of wrinkles, and to ensure that peach-like complexion which they so highly prized. To-day, as then, these Oils are unexcelled for Beauty culture.

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is the LAST WORD in Soaps, and it is made from Palm and Olive Oils. PALMOLIVE is triple milled, which ensures its perfect purity and also its economic value. One Tablet of PALMOLIVE outlasts two tablets of ordinary soap, and it is good to the very last wafer. There is a whole Beauty Outfit in a Tablet of PALMOLIVE. PALMOLIVE contains no free alkali and is not artificially coloured. It also counteracts the ill-effects of hard water.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemists for 6d. or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps, with name and address.

IT IS ALL SUFFICIENT FOR THE TOILET.

The B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.,
124, Holborn, LONDON, E.C.

YOU SHOULD TRY St IVEL CHEESE

LACTIC

at lunch or supper in place of meat. Soft, creamy, delicious, and easily digested.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.

6½d. each. From Grocers and Dairymen.

Fashions' Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Flounces and Furbelows

I AM personally simply obsessed by the prospect of wearing a mass of soft flounces from waist to foot, or, perhaps, one should more strictly say, ankle. Gowns, chiefly for evening wear, are already making their appearance in this guise. I have a dream of a thing in my mind's eye that is composed of grey *mousseline de soie*, each *volant* mounted over an under of soft silver lace, or set on with a finger depth of fur. The silver lace is again introduced on the corsage, similarly veiled, but not the fur.

Another most persuasive inspiration was carried out in a rather deep shade of rose brocade, embroidered with a design in dull gold and silver threads. This had one of the quaint *pannier* effects at the back, arranged in the cutest manner, namely, by cutting the skirt off short in a slightly curved line and lightly wiring the edge, thus showing a charming ivory lace petticoat mounted over chiffon. The bodice was quite simple, the *décolletage* shaped in a round, but kept well on the shoulders, being finished by a narrow neat Malines lace tucker, and at the waist by a fold of soft Nattier blue ribbon. This latter touch was quite *imprévu* and arresting.

Very typical of what is being worn is the original design pictured—a *demi-toilette* that would be very happily expressed in grey Georgette, the main part of the bodice and piquant apron panel of mist-blue *ninon*, brocaded with velvet. It is a supremely seductive little model, in addition to being of the latest, the high, slightly wired collar having a little delicate hand embroidery introduced just inside the edge, two deep ruffles just covering the bend of the elbow.

A TYPICAL DEMI-TOILETTE OF TO-DAY

Carried out in grey Georgette with apron panel of mist-blue ninon brocaded with velvet—a supremely seductive and up-to-date model, specially sketched for "The Bystander"

A Summer Friend with a Winter Face

How we all revelled in Grafton cotton *voiles* during the warm summer weather. The texture is so delightful and the colourings and designs so altogether charming there are few materials held in higher repute for blouses and frocks of the prettiest, daintiest description. Therefore, when the same artistic expression is accorded a heavier weight fabric, known as "Grafton Suêde-Vel," it is a foregone conclusion that this is certain to receive the readiest appreciation at the hands of all who have benefited in the past by the world-famed Grafton cotton *voiles*. For dressing-gowns, "Grafton Suêde-Vel" is positively ideal, while it also makes up into delightfully warm cosy blouses. The price in a 28-inch width is only 10½*d.* the yard. If the nearest drapery establishment fails to stock "Suêde-Vel" a card should be sent direct to "Graftons," 69, Watling Street, E.C.

The Ubiquitous Tailor-Made

Wonderful is the infinite variety of the tailor-made. One can go the whole round of the leading *couturières* and never once encounter a replica. Thus at Mourice's, 141, New Bond Street, emphasis is laid on quite inexpensive suits, every one of which is an individual inspiration. For 5 guineas Mr. Mourice will build such a coat and skirt as is shown on p. 286. This in navy suiting is one of the most desirable models I have seen this season. Of the general character the

(*Continued on page 286*)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page 285)

sketch speaks eloquently enough; the observant, however, will readily remark the original cut of the collar, which fits the throat closely and stands high at the back, the adjustment of the half-belt and jolly patch pockets. Worn with or without furs, this is a suit that would be an asset to any wardrobe.

Mourice, moreover, shows infinite wisdom in allotting the care of his skirts to a Parisian and feminine cutter and fitter. Only very few men excel at this particular branch of the work, and the now fuller skirts are essentially more successfully handled by women. A great success is likewise being scored with some particularly smart, albeit neat covert coating costumes, representing the very best possible value in every way, that come out somewhere about the region of 6½ guineas made, of course, to order, which is the one prevailing decree here.

TAILOR-MADE COAT AND SKIRT

An original and wholly desirable model designed by Mourice, 141, New Bond Street, and described on this and the preceding page

The Magic of the Dorakleen Method

With so many formidable rivals already in the field the Misses Dorakleen would certainly not have stepped calmly into the arena as skin specialists without some very strong incentive at their back.

The basis of their operations is a skin food that has many unique properties. It works quickly, does not require to be violently rubbed into the skin, and the composition is such that it maintains all its characteristics and firm consistency, no matter what climate it is subject to.

Another marvellous preparation is Dorakleen Cleansing Cream. This actually reproduces the healthful secretions which in normal conditions nature provides, whilst Blanc du Barri has already made a valuable name for itself with sportswomen and motorists. It is described as a balsam that quite does away with ill-effects of undue exposure, whether to heat or cold.

And these are but a handful of the Dorakleen preparations. In addition to them there are the most remarkable treatments carried out at Dorakleen House, 57, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, W. These include a notable high Frequency treatment, Hot Packs for dried up skins, and an exceptional Russian treatment for rough hands. And last, but by no means least, the Dorakleen fees for everything are as reasonable as is compatible with supreme excellence throughout.

Tabloidal Turtle Soup

Only a few years ago the epicure would have scouted the idea that one might procure real turtle soup at anything less than 1*s.* a plate, and yet to-day we find it offered in compressed tablets costing only 2*d.*, and providing enough for one person. Freemans, of "Table Delicacy" fame, who are responsible for this innovation, tell us that these real turtle tablets contain the pure meat of the West Indian turtle, with all its well-known nourishing qualities and characteristic flavour. They are sold in cartons containing six tablets for 1*s.* by all good grocers, or can be obtained direct from the Watford Manufacturing Company, Ltd., Victoria Works, Watford.

Delicious Perfumery

To the fidelity with which they reproduce the scent of real flowers is traceable the widespread popularity of Zenobia perfumes. The recognised favourites are Lily of the Valley, Sweet Pea Blossom, and Night-Scented Stock; while a novelty which bids fair to become equally popular is Fleurs de Jasmin, a wonderful jasmine perfume. Zenobia Eau de Cologne is of the same high quality as other Zenobia essences, and, indeed, on the ground of quality alone, quite apart from patriotism, the wise buyer will give it the preference over the foreign article. Then there are Zenobia scent sachets, an admirably happy substitute for the ordinary Christmas or birthday greeting cards. They are in four different sizes, and in all the well-known Zenobia perfumes. Delightful in design, their exquisite and enduring odour will ensure them being safely kept where the usual Christmas card would soon be cast aside.

Health and the Teeth

The love of the Englishman for cleanliness has never been more forcibly demonstrated than during the war. Repeatedly we have had accounts, some of them highly exciting, some diverting, of our Tommies persisting in their ablutions under the most discouraging circumstances, and, frequently enough, at all sorts of hair-raising times. But the Tommy who brushes his teeth to the music of the guns does more than provide humour; he is practising a very wise and very necessary habit; he is probably safeguarding himself against a good many physical troubles, which otherwise might come his way. And, for the purpose, no dentifrice is better or more convenient than Calox, the tooth-powder which in use releases purifying oxygen. Calox is no mere "something that tastes nice to put on the brush," but a definitely valuable and scientific dental preparation, the regular use of which undoubtedly promotes the user's good appearance and good health, and reduces the need for frequent visits to the dentist. Calox, being packed in neat metal boxes, can "travel" uninjured, and it retains its efficacy for almost an unlimited time in any climate. A sample for trial, and some strikingly useful and interesting literature about the care of the teeth, may be obtained gratuitously from Messrs. G. B Kent and Sons, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., but Calox is ordinarily obtainable from chemists and stores throughout the kingdom.

Campbells' Hardy Annuals

As the year draws towards its close Campbells' calendars once more make their appearance as they have done annually for more than a generation. Their artistic Wallpocket Calendar depicts a pretty country scene—"Motoring Up-to-Date." The ever-welcome Watch Calendar on specially thin paper for inserting in the watch-case, combining the time of the year with the time of day, can be had free from any of their 5,000 branches or agencies, or direct from P. and P. Campbell, Ltd., the Perth Dye Works, Perth.

The Hymans Pocket Range-Finder

Totally ignorant of the working of range-finders and unequipped with tape measures and without any marked-

(Continued on page vi)

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 624.—Vol. XLVIII. Wednesday, November 17, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

AN OLD-WORLD ENGLISH HOME,
WITH GARDENS IN CHARACTER.

60 MILES FROM LONDON.

TO LET, BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED, immediately, for one year or longer, this most interesting
THIRTEENTH CENTURY PRIORY,
with considerable architectural and historical interests.
Large lounge hall with carved oak beams, suite of reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, complete offices.
CENTRAL HEATING. ACETYLENE GAS.
PERFECT ORDER.
Stabling for 4, garage, etc.
LOVELY OLD CLOISTERED GROUNDS.
Tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, paddock.
Partridge shooting can be rented. Hunting.
RENT, 275 GUINEAS PER ANNUM.
Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IN A VERY FAVOURITE PART.
DORSET BORDERS.

A SHORT DISTANCE FROM BOURNEMOUTH.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, this exceptionally choice RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of
3½ ACRES,
and containing 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, garage, and small farmery.
DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.
Walled fruit garden, etc. 6 acres meadow can be had if desired.
Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

UNFURNISHED, £220 PER ANNUM.
OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED

ON HIGH GROUND
NEAR LEATHERHEAD.

A REALLY NICE LITTLE PROPERTY, MOST COMPACT AND EASILY RUN.—Hall, 3 reception rooms, handsome billiard room, servants' hall, 11 bedrooms, bathroom. Stabling and outbuildings.
COMPANY'S WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT.
Well-shaded grounds, tennis lawn, range of glass, kitchen garden, etc.,
JUST OVER 2 ACRES.
RECOMMENDED by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

WAR BARGAIN.
BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES.
£7,000, WITH 29 ACRES.

HOOK HEATH, WOKING.
Practically adjoining 3 golf courses.
THIS VERY PICTURESQUE HOUSE, with its beautiful gardens, erected by the late owner at great cost, is in capital condition, standing on a south slope, commanding charming views. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER LAID ON. RADIATORS.
LIFT TO TOP FLOOR. SANDY SOIL.
Terraced lawns, rose pergolas, tennis court, rock and water garden, and park-like meadows of about
29 ACRES.
Gardener's house, motor garage, etc.
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DUNSFOLD COMMON.

ON THE BORDERS OF SUSSEX AND SURREY.
BETWEEN HORSHAM AND GODALMING.

A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

BURNINGFOLD HALL.

extending to over

1,500 ACRES.

Including about

730 ACRES OF VALUABLE WOODLAND.

"BURNINGFOLD HALL."

SURROUNDED BY CHARMING GARDENS AND WOODLANDS.

Contains a suite of 4 reception rooms, 14 bed and bathrooms.

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A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE, SET IN DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS. PARK, AND WOODLANDS.

Oak-panelled dining room, 2 other reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling, 2 garages.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

SUSSEX, ASHDOWN FOREST.
Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.
CLOSE TO THE CELEBRATED GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE, A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD
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All modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16½ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended.

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Just over an hour from London by G. W. Ry. express trains.
Beautiful spot amidst perfectly rural surroundings, and high up on gravel soil.

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Many thousands spent recently in improvements.

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1½ miles from the sea; within easy reach of Lymington and the New Forest.

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In the beautiful Campden neighbourhood; 500ft. above sea level, with extensive views.

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Rent 12 gns a week.

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Containing: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 beautiful reception rooms, large lounge hall. All the principal rooms having large bay windows.
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Rent £250.	**a week.**
Premium £350.	(Open to offer).

NOTE.—*The house is in such splendid order that an incoming tenant would not find it necessary to incur any expense in repairs or decorations.* If a longer lease is required favourable renewal terms can be arranged.

Furnished.

HILL STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE.—Newly decorated; 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.
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Stabling for 3; coach-house or garage; living rooms over.

TASTEFULLY LAID-OUT PLEASURE GROUNDS,

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Tennis lawn and good garden.

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2 sitting, 4 bed and bath rooms (h. and c.); cooking and attendance; 500ft. above sea.

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TO BE LET OR SOLD.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE, standing on high ground, and containing: 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, 8 good bedrooms and bathroom; acetylene gas; Company's water; garage for 2 cars and 2 rooms for man; well-laid-out pleasure grounds, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, small greenhouse, about 2½ ACRES in all.—Box K 8,349, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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The modern petrol-air gas system for Country Houses.

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Several sets of complete Old English table glass, from £4 15s.; four oak American roll-top desks, at £4 7s. 6d. Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from £4 17s. 6d.; real Turkey rugs, at 17s. 6d.; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., £7 15s.; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, £8 15s.; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining-table, £4 10s.; Queen Anne-design mantel-mirror to match, 42s.; eighteen luxurious Chesterfield settees, £2 15s.; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at £1 10s.; magnificently carved grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, £6 15s.; mahogany inlaid overmantel, 30s.; extending dining-table of Sheraton design, £3 17s. 6d.; twelve very fine small chairs, Sheraton design, mahogany inlaid, at 18s. 6d.; two arm chairs to match, at 30s.; also a quantity of very finely carved brown oak furniture, equally low prices.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE, by Stevenson, £45; smaller size Billiard Dining Table, by Burgess, 15gns.

SEVERAL FINE-TONED PIANOS,

Including the following: Important 7-octave brilliant tone semi-grand, by Erard, in handsome Louis XV.-design case, rosewood, tulipwood, and inlaid case on shaped legs, with massive ormolu mounts, £125; hand-painted satinwood short grand piano, by Boosey and Co., exquisite touch and tone, the case is a perfect work of art, £85; magnificent upright grand, Edward George Brinsmead, 27gs.; nearly new pianoforte, by Venables and Co., 14gs.; a good tone pianoforte, in perfect condition, by John Brinsmead, 12gs.; capital pianoforte, nearly new, by Philip Dudley, 18gs.; Collard and Collard, 14gs.; a splendid tone short grand, in handsome case, 25gs.; and several others, all in excellent condition.

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The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted.

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, 12gs. complete; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, £16 16s.

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled. SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

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By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Grand Prix and Gold Medals, International Exhibition, Rome, 1912.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—We have **NO WEST END** Branches, neither are we connected with **ANY OTHER** depositories. Our **ONLY ADDRESS** is as above.

L. LEWIS, Manager.

By Appointment to H.M. the Queen.

THE "Children's Shop" claims, with pardonable egotism, to be *the* authority upon the garbing of children. Not only in the matter of style and fashion—that is fleeting and there are many points of view—but in the matter of suitability and durability, in fabric and construction.

NIGHT SUITS

Boys *and* Girls now wear Pyjamas, even from 2 years up. The Pyjamas sold by the "Children's Shop" are scientifically cut for freedom, strongly sewn for wear, made in various weights and, whether pure wool or mixtures, are guaranteed unshrinkable—or money back.

Pyjamas for either sex from 2 years to 16; adults are not catered for.

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OMAR KHAYYAM

The perfume of infinite sweetness and rare delicacy —with a refinement — which appeals to the discriminating taste.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

In Dainty Box, 23/6, 12/6, 5/9, 3/3.

Wholesale: **H. BRONNLEY & Co., Ltd., LONDON, W.**

FASHIONS' FANCIES (concluded from page 286)

out distances we set out to test the Hymans Range-Finder. We wanted to make sure that technical knowledge of such instruments was not necessary to the accurate working of the sample sent us to test. Under these conditions we tested the range-finder, and found it deserved all that is claimed for it. The simplicity of its manipulation was only comparable to the very short time it took to arrive at the range needed, and although we had in testing it to rely solely on the accuracy of our pacing over rough uneven ground in no one of the several tests made were we more than 4 per cent. out. This is really rather wonderful when one remembers that an error of half an inch in each one of our paces would, in a 500-yard range, make an enormous difference in the total distance. We have no hesitation in warmly recommending it.

For Our Blinded Fighting Men

Among the contributions received at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, recently was the sum of £75 which was forwarded to the Queen by Mrs. Starling, of Herrwood, Tengatt, Natal, as the result of a garden fête which she had arranged. The money was sent in aid of our men disabled in the war. By Her Majesty's command it was forwarded to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson to swell the fund for the benefit of blinded soldiers and sailors.

"Wolsey" Underwear

No market in this kingdom has been more heavily invaded in the past by the Germans than the underwear market. "Wolsey" Underwear is, and always has been, an absolutely British product, and its position as the most widely selling brand of underwear in the world has been won on sheer merit, and in the face of a great deal of foreign competition. Every British fighting man wears pure wool next his skin, and the supreme health-protecting value of pure wool (from which all "Wolsey" underwear is made) has never had a more magnificent endorsement than in the splendid standard of health maintained through all possible conditions by our warriors on land and sea. The genuine "Wolsey" garment is instantly recognisable by the Wolsey Head trade mark, and the public is cautioned against accepting as genuine "Wolsey" any garment without this mark. Moreover, every "Wolsey" garment is guaranteed unshrinkable, and any failure in this respect means free replacement.

TWO ZENOBIA SPECIALITIES

Eau de Cologne and a scent sachet as a substitute for a Christmas card

Every 2d. Means an Egg

Although the National Egg Collection for the Wounded had up to this month collected the enormous number of eleven million new laid eggs for our wounded soldiers and sailors, the falling-off in supplies of the last few weeks is of so serious a nature that the committee have most reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that the only way to keep pace with the ever-increasing demands of the hospitals in which our men are lying is to appeal direct to the public for funds. If the many kind friends of the funds throughout the country would help by sending a weekly subscription (however small) it would assist very materially indeed, and if each one would further try and induce, say, half a dozen others to join, it would still further extend the work of the fund. Remember that every 2d. means an egg. Motorists, too, can assist by giving one day a week to help their local depôt managers and thus enable them to cover more ground in their districts. A full list of these depôts will be sent on application to the Hon. Secretary at 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C., to whom all donations should also be sent, and all gifts of eggs to the nearest local depôt or to headquarters, Trevor Sq., S.W.

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A Great Factor in Food Economy.

Pure, full-cream milk enriched with all the nutritive extracts of selected malted barley and wheat in powder form. Every particle is wholesome nourishment, it keeps indefinitely, and there is absolutely *no* waste. The addition of hot or cold water instantly forms a delicious food beverage so highly nutritious and so easily digested that it advantageously replaces heavier items of diet which require more digestive effort, yet at the same time it supplies fuller nutritive value. It is therefore economical in all respects and suits all ages.

Ready in a moment by stirring briskly in hot or cold water only. No cooking required.

Also available as delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. They relieve thirst and supply sufficient nourishment to maintain strength and prevent fatigue.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

In Sterilised Glass Bottles, and keeps indefinitely.
1/6, 2/6 and 11/-
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OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Liberal Sample of either powder or tablets sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

NO MORE THIN, UNDEVELOPED WOMEN.

How to positively promote the rapid formation of firm, healthy flesh upon any part of the form, however thin and emaciated you may be.

To introdnce in this country the latest triumph of famous French scientist, complete instructions will be furnished free to 1,000 readers during the next 14 days.

"£250 Forfeit if I fail."

Dr. Colonnay, the distinguished physician of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, has at last made public the secret of his latest discovery. All readers of the French medical publications and journals devoted to feminine interests are now familiar with the astonishing results of his unique experiment upon 200 ladies, ranging from sixteen to sixty years of age, some of them in the most weakly and anæmic state of health, and all absolutely lacking in bust development. Within five days the rapid growth of new flesh was noticeable in all cases. In three to six weeks busts that were flabby, sagging, and almost non-existent had developed from 5in. to 8in. by actual measurement. Convincing statistical evidence shows that in 46 per cent. of the cases patients were compelled to stop treatment within four weeks on account of threatened over development.

These photographs show more plainly than any words how an angular, masculine figure may now be quickly transformed to one of beautiful curves by means of the new method explained in this article.

Dr Colonnay was the first to discover that various medicines, nostrums, prescriptions, dieting, apparatus, appliances, greasy creams, massage, and other expensive advertised methods always fail because they overlook the basic fact that the mammary glands of the bust are the only organs which lie idle the greater part of a woman's lifetime, hence they can never be developed like muscles. A full description of just how this triumph of modern science causes new, firm, and healthy tissue to be created at will, and just why its stimulating action is exerted only upon the bust, neck, shoulders, or arms, but never upon abdomen, hips, or other part of the body, would require more space than is available for this special article, but arrangements have just been made whereby readers of "The Bystander" are able to obtain all necessary particulars by promptly using coupon below. There is no charge for this, but if convenient, two penny stamps may be enclosed for posting expenses. The originator of the treatment agrees to forfeit £250 as stated above if anyone proves the treatment has not produced the results stated.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Readers are particularly cautioned not to use this new method where more flesh is not desired as the enlargement when once produced, is absolutely permanent, and cannot be reduced afterwards. It is usually advisable to stop treatment about three days before the bust attains the exact size and firmness desired, as the stimulating effect may continue for two or three days but never longer.

FREE COUPON

French Bust Developing Method.

Coupon positively void after Dec. 4.

Entitling (name) .....

Address .....

to receive under plain, sealed cover, absolutely free of cost, full particulars in regard to new method for developing the bust to any desired size and firmness. Enclose this coupon or mention number given below, as evidence that you are entitled to accept this offer, which is exclusively for the benefit of "The Bystander" readers. Only one member of each family may apply.

Address: MARGARETTE MERLAIN, Secretary, Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W.

"The Bystander" Coupon No 246. H.

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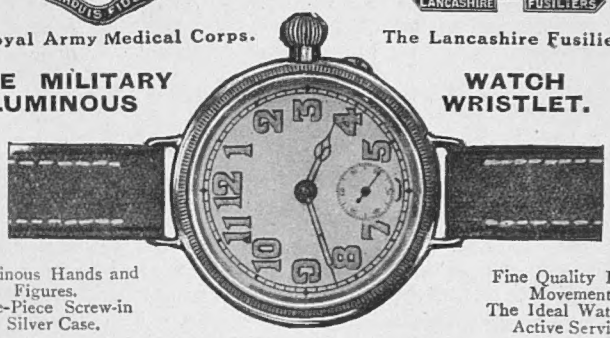

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Fine Quality Lever Movement. The Ideal Watch for Active Service.

£2 15 0

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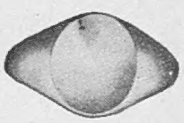
Holding an exceptionally Large Stock of Watches before the present Import Duty of 33⅓ per cent. was imposed, we shall Not Advance any Prices until this is exhausted



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the world-renowned Preparation for making the Skin soft and smooth, the Complexion clear and healthy, and removing all freckles, tan, roughness, cutaneous eruptions, etc.

Its *Medicinal Properties* are unrivalled, and as a curative, healing, and soothing Preparation for Tender Skin it has been known for 70 years as the very best that can possibly be obtained. It is sold in 2/3 and 4/6 bottles by stores, chemists, and Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

After washing the hands care should be taken to dry them **thoroughly**, as neglect of this simple precaution is the most common cause of "Chapping." A little

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

gently massaged into the Hands and Arms will keep the Skin Soft and White and free from all Roughness and Redness. Cultivate the La-rola habit and you'll never need to worry over the appearance of your Hands.

In bottles 1/1½ from all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM and SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

The Menu: Meatless Dishes

Eggs and Macaroni
Stuffed Tomatoes and Corn
Italian Cake
Savoury Beans
Shrimp Eggs
Cheese Soufflé

Eggs and Macaroni

Boil 3 oz. of macaroni for twenty minutes, then put it in a saucepan with nearly half a pint of white sauce, some grated cheese, pepper and salt. When thoroughly hot, arrange on a dish, lay four nicely poached eggs on it, sprinkle a little chopped parsley over, and serve. This makes a delicious first course for luncheon.

Stuffed Tomatoes and Corn

Have six tomatoes of uniform shape and size, cut a round piece from the stem end of each. Heat some sweet corn with a little milk or cream, a flavouring of Worcester Sauce, and a little cayenne pepper. Scoop out the seeds from the tomatoes, fill them with the corn, lay them in a buttered fire-proof dish, and bake until they are tender. Serve with a little melted butter and a squeeze of lemon-juice over each. Tins of sweet corn can be bought for 6½*d.* from most grocers and stores, and fresh cobs of corn are now to be obtained, if preferred. Of course, the latter must be cooked until tender before putting inside the tomatoes.

Italian Cake

Boil 2 oz. of macaroni till tender (twenty minutes), drain well, and cut into small pieces; then mix it with two eggs, 8 oz. of grated cheese, ¼ lb. of butter, and season to taste with pepper and salt; steam in a mould or basin for one and a quarter hours. Turn out and serve with a thick brown gravy.

Savoury Beans

Wash a pint of butter beans and soak them overnight with a pinch of soda. The next day put them on to boil with sufficient water to cover them, and one onion. Let them boil until quite soft, which will be in about two hours, strain them off, thicken the liquor in which they were boiled with a white roux (1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour), and stir in two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce and the same of grated cheese—also a little salt and white pepper. When the sauce is thick and creamy (a teacupful of milk should be added), put back the beans into the stewpan and stir well together till heated through. Serve very hot.

Shrimp Eggs

Cut a small slice from each end of some hard-boiled eggs, and cut them into halves, the round way. Have ready some picked shrimps and pound them thoroughly with the hard-boiled yolks, 2 oz. of butter, a grain of cayenne, and a teaspoonful of essence of anchovy. When these ingredients are thoroughly well mixed and pounded, fill the whites with the mixture. Place a sprig of water-cress in each egg, and garnish with small salad.

Cheese Soufflé

Beat two eggs, the yolks and whites separately; add to the yolks 2 oz. of grated cheese and one of flour, a cup of milk, salt and cayenne to taste. Mix well, and then add the whites of the eggs, which should be beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into a buttered pie-dish, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes, or until it is a rich golden brown.

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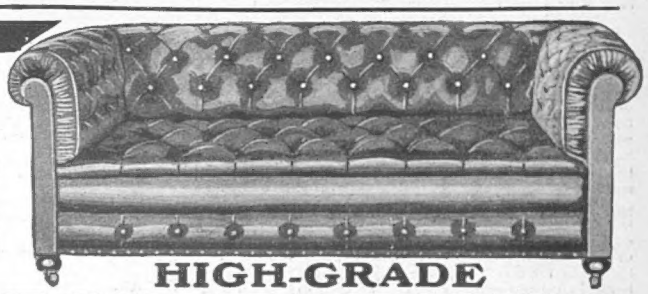

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